

The Big Last Bang *The Editors*

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The Deputy

Robert Brustein

LBJ's Hill Country

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Books About Politics

Gerald W. Johnson

Pockets of Poverty

T. R. B.

T.R.B.

from
Washington

The War on Poverty

★ "There is an ugly smell rising from the basement of the stately American mansion," writes Gunnar Myrdal in *Challenge to Affluence*. The cause? Poverty. An "underclass" is trapped in affluent America. Poverty passes on from father to son.

Poverty is finally becoming visible because of the Negro revolt. President Johnson is launching a war on poverty. Good, so far as it goes. Quite independent of Mr. Johnson, the report of a three-year study, issued by the National Policy Committee on Pockets of Poverty (available free, 1028 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.), points out that "poverty is no longer a condition which strikes all kinds of individuals but rather tends to characterize the great majority of individuals in certain large 'poverty-linked' groups."

Only 1-in-8 of America's families as a whole in 1960 had a cash income below the destitute level of \$2,000, the report finds, but the proportion rose to 1-in-3 in the following poverty-linked groups: non-white families, families headed by a female, couples 65 years of age or over, some farming families, families whose heads had less than eight years' education, and families whose heads had at most only part-time work experience. Where a family had not merely one but two or more of those characteristics, the probability of poverty was overwhelming. It might rise to 3-in-4.

President Johnson's war on poverty is fine — as a start. But it is not something that Sargent Shriver is going to overcome with a pilot project. Here we get to the heart of the maldistribution of opportunities and wealth in affluent

America, and it will ultimately require collective action of a size which other big nations have widely accepted but which Congress has generally viewed with horror. Personally, we haven't the slightest doubt that the US will ultimately act appropriately, too, but it will mean the overturn of some of the nation's fondest myths. Medicare seems to be an opening wedge.

Tax cuts won't eliminate poverty — the destitute pay no income tax. Faster growth won't solve poverty — as Kenneth Galbraith says (in a recommended article in the current *Harper's*), "Growth is only for those who can take advantage of it."

What will help this increasing, de-based subclass of poverty-prone families to climb out of their sand pit? Youth-training corps and low-interest loans to industries will help, but in general we see no alternative to really large-scale, ameliorative federal social welfare action and payments. Just to put a tag on it, we mean something in the order of, say, \$10 billion a year.

We aren't winning the war on poverty. Suppose you had to answer the question, "Are the rich getting richer, and the poor, poorer?" What would you guess? The answer is, we don't know for sure. The Council of Economic Advisers' 1964 Report said one-third of US families were below the arbitrary \$3,000 poverty line in 1947, and about one-fifth in 1956. Fine progress! But since then there has been little improvement if at all. "The progress made since World War II has not involved any major change in the distribution of incomes," the Council says. Indeed, the current rich man's tax cut may widen the gap.

The Pockets of Poverty Committee, whose roster includes Harry Truman, three Nobel Prize winners, and James G. Patton, head of the National Farmers' Union, as chairman, criticizes the CEA report as underestimating the number of impoverished families. It says the poverty gap is widening.

Modern society counteracts economic inequality by two approaches: the graduated income tax (which only a few extremists like Barry Goldwater oppose), and a whole complex of social services and benefits (which most conservatives doubt, deplore or decry). Schools, parks, old-age pensions and

school lunches superficially benefit everybody, but obviously the poorer you are the more they mean. They are like the graduated income tax. The conservative who cries "economy" against such measures is not hurting himself but the poor.

Recently TRB talked to some undergraduates in the Midwest and the discussion turned, as so often happens, to European experience, ignoring Canada. This rejection of Canada must be Freudian; we don't see something we don't wish to see. (Obvious solution: fortify the border; then we'd know Canada is there.)

Twenty years ago Canada passed the Family Allowance Act, under which the parents of every child under 16 get a monthly allowance, rich or poor alike. Under 10 it is \$6; under 16, \$8. It is the celebrated "baby bonus" and on the 20th anniversary of its passage perhaps the most popular law in the Dominion. The flow of money stabilizes the economy; it has a connection with school which has improved attendance; it has meant better-fed and better-clothed children and, oddly enough, it has not apparently encouraged poor families to breed (as critics predicted); at any rate, the ratio of families with five or more children has declined. Parents haven't squandered the money on rum, either.

Annual cost to Canada: about half a billion dollars. US equivalent with 10 times the population would be \$5 billion a year.

Think what Canada's family allowances would mean to Negro families in Alabama and Mississippi! Can't they be annexed to Canada in some way? We are quite persuaded that US action of this magnitude is inevitable before long. Negro militancy has made American poverty as bothersome as a sore thumb. It won't go away; affluent America is not going to endure an impoverished hereditary underclass or that smell from the basement of its stately mansion.

★ Notes: Extricating Ambassador Lodge from Saigon to run for the Presidency against the Administration that appointed him will be a feat of some delicacy; Senator Lodge did this for Ike in Paris in '52, but NATO wasn't then at war, Saigon is.

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The Big Last Bang

The US Arms Control and Disarmament Agency has signed a contract to pay the Booz-Allen Applied Research Corporation of Bethesda, Maryland, \$91,300 to analyze the strategic military balance and the problems of arms inspection and verification, by running available data through mathematical machines. Nevertheless, the disarmament conference being held in Geneva has not suffered yet another setback just because the subject has now got so thickly technical that the human mind is no longer able to comprehend it without the aid of computers. The would-be disarmers are failing to come to grips with their (and our) problem for the same reasons that have bedeviled all disarmament conferences for almost half a century. These reasons include mutual suspicion, and the consequent fear that to yield a point is to let down one’s own side. The British Foreign Secretary, Mr. R. A. Butler, said at Geneva that disarmament sometimes seems like an interminable chess game, but that in fact it is a matter of life or death. As every schoolboy and movie-goer knows, the urgency is increasing even faster than the arms build-up. The qualitative change introduced by the invention of nuclear weapons means that in a third world war *everyone* may be killed. But the 17-nations conference (France has never bothered to attend) on disarmament drags its slow length along just as though the eternity that threatens us all had already begun. Last week it was the Russians, as usual, who with a blast from Mr. Gromyko (who unlike his British counterpart did not deign to attend the conference, but shook his fist at it from Moscow) withered such slender hopes as had been entertained about another step forward like the test-ban treaty. But this churlish Soviet move was as predictable as the Western misstep that provoked it. For the West ought never to let the disarmament talks become like a chess game, if only because the Russians are good at chess, yet the West falls into the chess trap with monotonous regularity. When the US proposed a “bonfire” of bombers whose production is being discontinued because they have become obsolete, it should have been easy to guess that Russia would immediately suggest turning the bonfire into a conflagration big enough to consume *all* bombers. But instead of seeking to test the sincerity of this Soviet counter-proposal, the West backed off like a horse from a rattlesnake, enabling Mr. Gromyko to observe, tartly but accurately, that the US if it wants can clear its airfields of military junk without waiting for a disarmament agreement. The time has come for more far-reaching measures,

as both the US and Russia now have sufficient missiles and bombs for neither to have any possibility of hitting the other without receiving, in return, "unacceptable" damage. ("Unacceptable" is current semi-jargon for a toll of dead that would be numbered in scores of millions or perhaps even in hundreds of millions). Therefore, the next forward step in disarming was to have assumed the form of a nuclear freeze, by each side agreeing to hold its nuclear umbrella of strategic defensive and offensive weapons down to a certain size. This should not have been difficult, as both possess far more than they need to devastate each other; and the Russians at first seemed to respond favorably to the suggestion by President Johnson in January for a freeze on missiles and bombers and on the production of warheads. But trouble arose over verification. The Russians apparently were prepared to consider allowing inspection of the weapons they said they would retain, but bridled at any suggestion of wider inspection for the purpose of testing the truth of Soviet (and American) statements of arms inventories. A rather half-hearted hope of the British Foreign Secretary, that the use of sampling techniques and mechanical checking devices might obviate the general poke around their country that the Russians find so unpleasant to contemplate, seems to have got lost in the general uproar of the plenary meetings. (The Geneva Conference has never got as far as forming the smaller working groups where such a hope could be properly examined.)

How the great powers got into their present state of "overkill" is almost as gloomily revealing as their apparent inability to get out of it. Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, who was Mr. Kennedy's scientific adviser, told last week how the US reacted like a spastic to a "missile gap" that, if it existed at all, was actually a Soviet gap. The Russians "had to respond." They have done so.

George Polk Award

We are pleased to announce that Gilbert A. Harrison, editor-in-chief of this journal, has been chosen by the journalism faculty of Long Island University to receive the George Polk Memorial Award "for his direction in revitalizing the content of his publication." He and the other winners (including David Halberstam of *The New York Times* for his reports from Vietnam, the major networks for their coverage of the Kennedy assassination and funeral, and the *New York Review of Books* for its literary criticism) will be honored at a luncheon on March 24 in New York. The award was established 16 years ago in memory of CBS correspondent George Polk, who was killed in Greece in 1948.

In the past four years, according to British Foreign Secretary Butler, the Soviet defense budget has increased 43 percent. Dr. Wiesner also disclosed the existence in the US of what he called "unbelievable pressures for support of various weapons systems." This seems to be still going on, judging by the new A-11 aircraft that is described elsewhere in this issue: a plane that lacks a real purpose, and has been produced because it was "there," on the drawing-board, and because the Russians have apparently begun building new bombers. The US has already declared at Geneva that, if there is no "freeze," by 1965 there will be a further, whopping, 750 percent increase in the number of US missiles of which we already have more than enough to destroy every city in Russia several times over. The Russians will again react; and so on, but not *ad infinitum*, only until the Big Last Bang.

The disarmament talks will continue, if only because they must. The likeliest results, if any, are agreements on setting up observation posts as a precaution against accidental war, and on withholding nuclear weapons from nations that do not have them now. Neither Russia nor the West wants to get into a war by accident. The Russians seem unlikely to give nuclear weapons to China, while the West is at least reluctant to share them with the Germans, who have given assurances that they will not try to produce them. Therefore it would seem once again that agreement should not be too difficult. But appearances as usual are deceptive. Russia wants a package deal that would tie the proposals to mutual cutbacks in armed forces, without the degree of verification insisted on by the West, and she also wants a nuclear-free zone or zones in Europe. The Poles have made it plain that they too fear Germany. They want a nuclear freeze in Central Europe that would prevent introduction or transfer of nuclear weapons. It is not clear whether this would prevent the West's proposed multilateral nuclear force of ships with Polaris missiles and mixed crews including Germans. Mr. Butler says with British blandness that the MLF in no way contradicts the idea of non-dissemination of nuclear arms. But obviously Russia regards the MLF not as a way of keeping nuclear weapons out of German hands (as the West fatuously insists, thereby causing grave doubts to be cast on the Germans' own assurances) but as a means of letting Germans have them. Down-to-earth Europeans, including some West Germans, think the real purpose of the MLF is to be used as a bargaining counter, and that the Russians may yet be persuaded to accept an inspected missile freeze if the MLF is dropped.

However that may be, Dr. Wiesner surely is right when he says: "Somebody really has to take much more leadership than we've had." Disarmament might be President Johnson's golden opportunity.

Hanoi - The French View

Our Paris correspondent reports:

General de Gaulle and the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs are still convinced that they can persuade the Chinese Communist leaders in Peking to bring the war in South Vietnam to an end. Top French diplomats say that the Chinese would be prepared to advise the Communist leaders in Hanoi, the capital of North Vietnam, to enter into negotiations with the United States. They feel that this could be accomplished if the French were to offer themselves as mediators.

The French diplomats also say that although North Vietnam appears to be aligning itself with China, it is doing this reluctantly. Hanoi's political leaders are described as leaning toward the Soviet Union for ideological reasons, but as dependent on China for reasons of geography. In private conversations with Frenchmen, the politicians of Hanoi say that they would rather not take sides in the dispute between Peking and Moscow. But they find they have to follow the Chinese line when it comes to relations with neighboring countries in Southeast Asia. Ho Chi Minh, the North Vietnam Prime Minister, and Foreign Minister Pham Van Dong, both have told French diplomats that North Vietnam would be better able to resist both Peking and Moscow, if the US withdrew from South Vietnam. The French, however, take this with a pinch of salt.

The same caution is necessary toward statements of the Hanoi leaders that they are respecting the Geneva agreements that promised non-intervention in South Vietnam, and that, officially at least, they don't want to hear a word about the Viet Cong, the insurrectionary bands of guerrillas in South Vietnam. However, French military experts are surprised by the expressed wish of the Viet Cong to be regarded as a completely independent movement. One of the Viet Cong's spokesmen declares: "We are fighting against imperialist dictatorship, not in order to come under the dictatorship of North Vietnam." In some countries, in Africa and elsewhere, where both North Vietnam and the Viet Cong movement of South Vietnam are represented, the Viet Cong delegations are careful to occupy different premises from the North Vietnamese diplomats. They seem anxious not to be confused with the North Vietnam embassies, and say that they represent a clandestine South Vietnamese government which is pledged to "liberate" South Vietnam, in order to negotiate on equal terms with the North, for reunification of all Vietnam.

French traders report that North Vietnam is encountering considerable economic difficulties, but that the government is stable and not corrupt, and that at least economic misery no longer exists in the country.

A Foot in the Door

Baltimore

Under the law just passed by the city council here, civil rights demonstrators can be thrown out of taverns, beauty parlors, barbershops, funeral establishments and cemeteries; but not out of restaurants, hotels, motels or swimming pools.

In its original form, the legislation would have been the first law south of the Mason-Dixon line to prohibit discrimination in all facilities open to the public, as well as in apartment housing. Its prohibitions against discrimination applied to labor unions, health and welfare agencies, schools and jobs. It got as far as its second reading, at which it got an approving majority of 12 votes to nine.

The housing section of the city's bill prohibited discrimination in the sale or rental of apartment dwellings, by owners of housing units, real estate brokers, salesmen and agents, who were also prohibited from representing that such accommodation was not available for inspection, or from making conditions in the terms of sale or lease that were discriminatory. But, after the successful second reading of the bill, the protests started coming in by telephone, telegram and mail, and the president of the Baltimore city council, Thomas J. D'Alesandro the Third, made it known that he would support compromise amendments.

At first, it was suggested that the housing section of the bill should be narrowed, so that its prohibitions against discrimination would apply to buildings with 25 or more living units. But this compromise apparently failed to satisfy either the real estate interests or a large number of white citizens fearful of their neighborhood being "dominated" by Negroes. Further, Baltimore's thousands of tavern owners as well as owners of other establishments were up in arms. (The difference between a tavern and a restaurant is that a tavern serves liquor, not food).

Finally, the housing section of the bill was dropped altogether. Taverns and some other establishments were exempted from the provisions, which apply to places of entertainment and recreation like bowling alleys and theaters, but not to beauty parlors and barbershops. The mayor, Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin, long a civil rights enthusiast, reluctantly signed the watered-down bill. The two Negroes on the city council voted with the majority. One explained that he had "learned to take a loss when I don't like it," and the other, admitting unhappiness over what had happened, said: "I have learned to live with the theory of half a loaf."

LLOYD B. DENNIS

Their Appointed Rounds

Busy trying to speed the mail on its way by the new Zip Code, the Post Office simultaneously is ordered by the federal government to keep watch on the mail of some individuals, and to hold other mail up on the ground that it is Communistic. One result of such procedures has been protests from such diverse sources as Roy M. Cohn and the *Washington Post*.

The Internal Revenue Service, and an assistant United States attorney ordered the Post Office to note the names and addresses of correspondents of Cohn, who is under indictment on federal charges of perjury and conspiring (allegedly lying to a grand jury and trying to prevent the indictment of four men in a stock fraud case). For good measure, the assistant United States attorney had the Post Office watch the mail of Cohn's lawyer, Thomas A. Bolan.

Cohn tried but failed to use the Post Office's action as a reason to have the indictment against him dismissed; but New York District Judge Archie O. Dawson called the mail watch on Cohn's defense lawyer "shocking." The riposte of the *Washington Post* last week to detention of its mail was to publish an open letter to the Postmaster in New York in the form of an editorial. Here it is:

"We are the recipients of a *billet doux* in the form of a postcard from the Postmaster in New York, advising us that he is holding mail matter addressed to us from a foreign country which the Customs Bureau of the Treasury Department has determined to be Communist propaganda. Goody! It sounds interesting. The Postmaster has whetted our curiosity.

"Until recently, we have been accustomed to receiving mail matter addressed to us without intervention by the Postmaster and without the benefit of the Customs Bureau's opinions respecting the contents. It seemed to us that we were getting along quite satisfactorily in this old-fashioned way, determining for ourselves the character of the stuff in our mailbox and deciding whether to put it in the wastebasket or the file cabinet or show it to our neighbors and friends.

"Old-fashioned as this method of handling the mail may seem, it is nevertheless thoroughly American. And in simple truth it safeguards the security of the country a great deal better than keeping Communist propaganda concealed. Newspapers, universities, government officials – Americans in general – need to know what the Communists are saying and doing – in order to formulate their own judgments intelligently.

"We get a great deal of mail we don't want – without ever being asked by the Postmaster if we want him to deliver it to us. But this particular piece of mail seems to be so important that he wants special instruc-

tions. He presents us with a return-addressed, franked postcard asking us to let him know whether to deliver the publication or not and whether to deliver all publications of the same type or not.

"The Postmaster's inquiry, coming as it did in postcard form, was open to the scrutiny of the postman and of anyone else who happened to see it. So there is no telling how many people have now been informed that we are on the mailing list of a publication considered Communistic by the Customs Bureau; and the reply, being in postcard form, will let an indefinite number of busybodies know whether we want to receive such a publication.

"This puts a pretty formidable barrier in the way of our getting the publication and judging it for ourselves. We do not even know whether some other inquiring agency of the government may be compiling a list of all those subversive enough to want mail disapproved by the Customs Bureau – or whether the House Committee on Un-American Activities may not some day make use of the list as proof positive of treason.

"We think this whole procedure is an abomination. We think it apes the Communists from whom it is supposed to protect us. We think it mocks American pretensions to freedom and degrades the principles of the Bill of Rights. We think it disarms Americans and deprives them of knowledge they need. This insulting paternalism is the consequence of an act of Congress expressing nothing but distrust and contempt for the American people. Let the Customs Bureau go back to collecting customs. Let the Post Office Department go back to delivering the mail – without asking silly questions. And let Congress remember that the society for which it legislates is a free society."

James R. Hoffa

The Long Chase Through the Courts

James R. Hoffa's quarrel with society began on street corners 30 years ago and grew to a scope so wide that it could only be covered by the network cameras. The authority mustered against him widened the same way: the arena of his first struggle to beat an arrest was a Detroit magistrate's court; by 1960 the army against

him was the whole Department of Justice and the battlefield the whole nation.

The federal government has chased Hoffa through its courts in New York, Washington, Chicago, Miami and Nashville, Tennessee. But until now Hoffa has beaten off the whole weight of the national government as successfully as he did the petty municipal instruments of his home town. He has been arrested 22 times, and tried 7. His only conviction in a case he chose to fight cost him a \$10 fine for disturbing the peace.

That extraordinary record was broken last week when a Chattanooga jury convicted Hoffa of having tried to bribe the Nashville jury, whose disagreement had frustrated the Justice Department's last attempt to jail him for taking a bribe from an employer of his Teamsters Union.

There was an unexpected sadness in an event which, by every sign, had brought Jimmy Hoffa's long war to an end. When he heard the verdict of guilty, witnesses reported, Hoffa turned first pale and then tender, his most immediate gesture being to console his son and daughter sitting behind him. Mrs. Hoffa, long since exhausted by the strain of her husband's incessant trials, could not be present. Hoffa came up from the shock defiant, and promising to exhaust every appeal that is left open to him. He was, as he has always been, the best of family men and the worst of citizens.

Attorney General Kennedy, Hoffa's great enemy, was unexpectedly muted in his response. He had been burned too often, he said, when he had rushed to announce Hoffa's final defeat to be precipitate in rejoicing now.

There remain the appeals; Hoffa could use them to play out at least two years more in full possession of the huge Teamsters Union which, for five years now, has been his personal and private property. His enemies in the union seemed unable to challenge him; he could, if he chose, by all evidence stay on and go to prison and hold the union in trust for himself and emerge to reclaim it, since, oddly enough, the crime of jury tampering, although it is a felony, is not one of those acts of moral turpitude which under the Landrum-Griffin law bar a union leader from office.

Jimmy Hoffa's one great virtue was his loyalty to his family; there were signs that this was the only weakness which could force him out. Federal Judge Wilson would delay sentence at least two weeks; the interval seemed calculated to impel Hoffa to choose between his love of power and his love of family. He could end up with a 10-year sentence, for relief from which he could have no hope except in the uncertainties of appeal; or, if government were merciful, he could get five years, and be out in two. He has one great bargaining weapon if he decides to appeal for mercy; there is no visible way to get the Teamsters out

of his control unless he agrees to give it up voluntarily. If he chooses to fight, he can keep the union at the cost of a terrible burden to his wife and his children. Those who know him best and have witnessed the force of his love for his family and his hatred for everyone else were betting that in the end he would quit the Teamsters and try to save whatever the wars have left him of his private world.

MURRAY KEMPTON

If Your Town Smells Stop Breathing

Lewiston in Idaho, and its neighbor Clarkston in Washington, are possibly the smelliest cities in the nation. Nearby is a pulp mill operated by Potlatch Forest Industries which is the biggest single employer in the area. One resident recently compared the aroma to "the most rotten cabbage." According to others, the air over Lewiston and Clarkston is so corrosive that it peels paint off houses, eats away automobile chrome, and causes epidemics of inflamed eyes and sinuses.

Early last summer, the US Department of Health, Education and Welfare wrote a report on the Lewiston-Clarkston atmosphere. Soon afterwards, PFI President Benton R. Cancell told his stockholders that the federal government was "attacking . . . our operation as being a menace to the health and welfare of the population." He added that if the pressure continued, the company would move to a state "with a more favorable business climate."

The HEW report was based on a technical survey undertaken at the request of a former mayor of Clarkston, Bill Courtney. The surveyors found the concentration of sulfur oxides and hydrogen sulfide (rotten egg gas) so heavy in the area that it tarnished silver 10 times faster than in Moscow, Idaho, 30 miles away.

Publication of the findings has been held up so far by the refusal of the Idaho Air Pollution Control Commission to approve them. One member of the commission is Clifford J. Hopkins, secretary of Potlatch Forest Industries. But HEW may decide soon to go ahead and publish its report anyway.

Mayor Courtney wrote to the Surgeon General in November, 1960, asking for federal help. The mayor of Lewiston cooperated. In June, 1961, air pollution control experts from the Public Health Service met with local officials to arrange for a survey, and in October the survey began. The Idaho Commission objected strenuously to odor tests being made and to members

of the public being queried about how they felt in regard to air pollution; but finally all the data was collected by the end of May, 1962. By April, 1963, the technical assistance branch of PHS had completed the first draft of its report. This draft was presented to the Idaho Air Pollution Control Commission in June, 1963, and has been "under consideration" ever since, though the pulp mill seems to have agreed to spend some money on lessening air pollution, and Idaho and Washington may be induced to collaborate in setting up a pollution control agency which will work on both sides of the state line.

The federal "clean air" act approved by Congress last December confronts local governments with the threat of court action if they do not move against known polluters. But it is a remote threat, because a conference and then a hearing must be held before the case can go to court, and the law requires an interval of several months before and after both the hearing and the conference, so that local officials will have an opportunity to do their duty without losing face.

An almost identical procedure was written into the water pollution control program in 1956; yet only one abatement case has gone to court under that law, and it took more than four years to get there. In the nearly eight years that the present water pollution control act has been in existence, the federal government has started fewer than two dozen enforcement actions, and most waterways are filthier now than they were in 1956 when the program began. PHIL HIRSCH

Cops with Guns— "Stop or I'll Shoot"

In recent discussion in these pages of the possession and use of firearms, there has been no mention of the one group of citizens free to carry deadly weapons with the least restraint: the police of our cities and states. Even the military are issued guns only when their specific assignment calls for them. But in most localities, police officers are permitted to carry their revolvers at all times, whether on or off duty, often with regrettable consequences.

Last January 8, on 84th Street near Riverside Park in New York City, a taxi pulled alongside a patrol car. The cab driver jumped out and shouted, "They got my money and they've got a knife." His two passengers, both Negroes, got out and ran toward the park. As the two police officers from the patrol car — a sergeant and

a patrolman — started in pursuit, the suspects climbed over a wall into the park. When the police reached the wall they called for the men to stop and the patrolman fired a shot over their heads. When they kept on running ("neither so much as paused," said the *Herald Tribune*), the patrolman shot. One man fell dead, a bullet in his neck.

At no time did it appear to the policemen that they were in danger, especially in view of the speed with which the men fled. A realistic toy pistol was found in the dead man's pocket. He apparently never drew it.

In effect, trial and conviction were carried out on the spot, and a far harsher sentence executed than would have been given in any court. The evidence was the cab driver's blurted accusation, and the fact that the men ran. The crime? Theft of a cigar-box bank and a change-holder, which together contained about \$25.

A little over a month later, on February 18 between 8 and 9 o'clock, Frank Rodriguez, 18 years old and the father of an 11-month-old son, went for a walk down Second Avenue with a friend. At 92nd Street they got into a fight — whether over an insult, or to go to the aid of a third boy, is a matter of dispute. A girl bystander ran into a bar, shouting for help. An off-duty probationary patrolman, Ronald Meszaros, and two of his friends, left the bar to investigate. Patrolman Meszaros, who had been on the force eight months, was armed but not in uniform.

The three men attempted to stop the fight. The patrolman says he identified himself as a police officer, but, according to Rodriguez' family, Frank thought the newcomers were reinforcements for the other side.

The patrolman's version of what happened next is that Frank lunged at him with a knife, then ran down Second Avenue, ignoring a command to halt. Meszaros fired one shot in warning, then another. The second struck Rodriguez in the back of the head, fatally wounding him.

This story received a fairly big play in the New York newspapers. For one thing, it turned out that in 1962 Rodriguez had been named a "Boy of the Year" by the Boys' Clubs of America. For another, it appeared that his life other than this one incident was exemplary. He was a good student at Aviation High School, where he was learning to be an aviation mechanic. His wife, who is 19, is expecting a second child.

The family says Frank would never have used a knife, except in self-defense. His brother admitted lending him a knife (a pen-knife, not a spring-knife or "shiv") about a week before the fight. But whether Frank had a knife in his hand is immaterial. When the fatal shot was fired, he was in headlong flight. The knife could not then have possibly represented any threat to the policeman's safety.

This aspect of the case was ignored by Police Com-

missioner Michael J. Murphy, who asked the press on the 20th, "Shall the police take action [when attacked], or call a psychiatrist? Make up your minds." The Commissioner claimed that the newspapers had put more blame on the policeman than on the boy, and admonished them to "stop the flow of crocodile tears" and "return to realism."

One day after the Rodriguez killing, the tragic pattern was repeated. This time, luckily, the results were not fatal – very luckily, for the victim had not committed any crime whatsoever.

Three Housing Authority policemen, in plain clothes, were looking for a man accused of stabbing his wife. At the corner of 149th Street and Courtland Avenue, in the Bronx, they stopped 21-year-old Wilfredo Rivera Flores to question him.

Mr. Flores speaks no English. The Housing Authority policemen speak no Spanish. But their gestures seemed threatening, and Flores thought they were hold-up men. To protect his \$53 pay he had in his pocket, he pushed one of the men and ran.

They shot him in the hip. When he gets out of the hospital, he will be charged with assaulting an officer.

Certainly, for the great majority of police officers, the decision to fire at a fleeing suspect is a difficult one. It is often a life or death decision; and it always must be made quickly; it requires a good deal of maturity. But Patrolman Meszaros is only 23 – not much older than Frank Rodriguez was.

Officers sometimes try to shoot at a suspect's legs. However, the aim of a hand weapon is not phenomenally accurate, nor is that of every policeman. A very good police officer, a Rhode Island State Trooper, once told me that his personal creed was this: never draw your gun unless you intend to fire it, and never shoot at a person unless you intend to kill him.

That would have been good advice on February 18. Meszaros didn't mean to *kill* Frank Rodriguez.

There are at least certain safeguards that ought to be insisted upon.

First, a police officer should be forbidden to fire at a fleeing suspect unless he has good reason to believe that his person is in danger. It would not be enough simply for the officer to say he was threatened. There would have to be a formal hearing, with all the relevant evidence presented. The mere fact of such a hearing, and its attendant inconvenience, might help to put a damper on indiscriminate shooting. If the officer was found to have fired unnecessarily – unnecessarily to his own safety, that is, not to the apprehension of the fugitive – he could be suspended or demoted.

(Along with this would go the discouragement of the "warning" shot fired in the air. It is not only a highly dangerous practice, but its effectiveness is questionable. When a person hears a shot fired at him, his

first reaction is that someone is trying to kill him, not warn him. His natural impulse is to keep on running.)

Second, a policeman should be required to hang up his gun with his uniform. A good deal of the trouble seems to arise when an officer is in civilian clothes. Even if he identifies himself, there is no assurance that he will be believed.

Crime is on the rise virtually everywhere, but when a policeman shoots down a suspect unnecessarily – especially when that suspect belongs to a minority group that is not always treated with respect by law enforcement personnel – resentment builds against law and order itself. After all, the recent anti-police demonstrations in Harlem didn't come about just because the residents don't like the looks of blue uniforms.

LEW PATTERSON

FOREIGN REPORTS

GERMANY: *Division among Democrats*

★ The Wall that divides Berlin has also produced a division between West Berlin and Bonn. The Federal Government criticized the arrangements with Communist East Germany that were made by the mayor of West Berlin, Willy Brandt, for West Berliners to visit their relatives in East Berlin last Christmas. Brandt wanted to arrange further visits but the Bonn government was cool to the idea. The crisis was reduced but not removed by setting up an all-party commission to study the matter.

In addition to being mayor of West Berlin, Brandt is chairman of the Social Democrat Party, and in next year's elections will be Chancellor Erhard's opponent. The opening of the Wall at Christmas won a lot of hearts in West Berlin and Erhard's Christian Democrats disliked this political gain for Brandt. But they, and West Berlin's Allied protectors, also felt that Brandt had allowed the East German government to make a political gain, and with tactless candor the East German press claimed as much. The head of the East German government, Walter Ulbricht, said that Brandt had acted independently of Bonn and so had lent weight to the argument which the Communists support, that there are now "three Germanys": East and West Germany and the enclave of West Berlin.

By the Christmas arrangement, East German officials entered West Berlin to issue passes only to people who had families in East Berlin; the traffic was one-way, west-east only. Under pressure from Bonn, the West Berlin government has demanded that any future arrangement will not allow East German officials to enter

West Berlin to issue passes, will allow other West Germans to pass through the "hole in the Wall," and will facilitate two-way traffic. The East Germans in turn are demanding among other things that their currency should be accepted at par with the West German mark (its actual value is only one-fifth), and that West Berlin's facilities for succoring refugees from East Berlin be shut down. In fact, passes could probably be issued at the Wall itself without East German officials entering West Berlin; and it is unlikely that the West really wants passes to be valid both ways, for this would probably lead to West Berlin being "invaded" by organized bands of Communist demonstrators.

The Social Democrats want to keep trying for more openings of the Wall. They feel that Ulbricht is now under Russian pressure to make concessions, because the Wall has become a symbol of Communist failure even to Communists, in Italy for example. They also feel that Ulbricht, over 70 and a great hypochondriac, may soon give way to someone more tolerable. And the more visits that can take place to East Germany, the better. One West German Social Democrat claims that when the Communists took over in East Germany, there were six or seven Social Democrats to every Communist. In the ensuing 18 years the Communists have totally failed to capture the youth. Even if the two Germanys were to be reunified tomorrow, the former political ratio against the Communists would be restored within a fortnight.

ALGERIA: Faith without Works

★ Socialism is still an ideal not a reality in Algeria. For example, public transport is woefully inadequate but in three months the military imported 4,000 private automobiles, at a cost of \$8 million that might have been used to foster development. Most women continue to wear veils, and be subjugated by their husbands and disrespectfully treated by other males. Privilege continues, particularly in the differences between wages received in industry and on the nationalized estates, and the painfully low income of the *fellah*. (It is estimated that the average peasant only works 60 days a year.) If the present government can weather transitional difficulties the long-run prospects are reasonably encouraging. Algeria is rich in the enthusiasm of her people and in natural resources; she is poor only in human skills and organization. The latter deficiency can be corrected if the government takes prompt action.

The price of Algeria's independence was high. By the time the six-year war was finally won at the negotiating tables at Evian the country was nearly in ruins. The forests had been burned by the French in an attempt to flush the guerrillas from their hiding places.

Herds of livestock had been decimated, and more than half a million Algerians had been killed and many thousands had been tortured. Most of the French settlers promptly left the country. Included in the 900,000 who emigrated were 70 percent of the technical, administrative and managerial classes and nearly all the farmers. Industrial enterprises given up by the French ceased production. Abandoned estates were seized by farm workers and in order to avoid chaos and to regain control of the revolution the government ratified the seizures in the famous decrees of March, 1963. The abandoned estates and others that later were nationalized were regrouped into self-managing units but there has been a drastic fall in output.

Virtually nothing has been done so far to improve industrial production. The "Urgency Plan for 1963" has not been implemented and given present organizational inadequacies it is unlikely to be implemented in the next two years. Industrial output has fallen 30 percent since 1960, when the factories were hardly operating at full capacity. Unemployment is severe, about 80 percent. Most young men are completely without work. Instead of concentrating on increasing production in the existing plants, the industrial planners chose instead to start wholly new factories, though it would have been inexpensive and relatively easy to expand production in the existing factories. But few new factories have been started and a danger exists that the old plants will break down in a few years due to the lack of reinvestment.

A reasonable plan for the industrialization of Algeria might be to use existing but idle capacity, then create light, labor-intensive consumer goods industries and agricultural processing industries. Finally the country could begin creating a few industrial complexes, such as petrochemicals, super-phosphates and nitrogenous fertilizers, or an iron and steel complex. Formation of those complexes would be helped by the Maghreb countries - Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco - coordinating their investment plans instead of fighting.

But there is no such plan. The factories literally were turned over to the workers who of course are interested in maximizing their wages and who prefer to save and invest nothing. Besides, the completely unskilled Algerian workers are totally unable to manage their factories. All this reflects the influence of romantic French syndicalists. The government has put itself in a very bad position. Essential reforms will be politically very difficult to carry out.

The problem is now beginning to be recognized. The two highest officials of a steel plant have been jailed for "mismanagement." There is a "pause" in the Algerian revolution while solutions are sought.

Algerian farming is in two sectors. The modern sector, largely socialist, produces fruit, vegetables and

soft wheat for the domestic economy and wine for export, and accounts for over 60 percent of agricultural exports and nearly 75 percent of total agricultural production, although it employs less than 15 percent of the work force. The rest of the rural population is essentially composed of the poor *fellahs*, who grow wheat for subsistence under feudal conditions, and nomads who wander in the desert with their flocks during the winter rains and retreat toward the coastal areas and high plateaus in the summer. In spite of extraordinarily good weather during the past two years, agricultural production in the modern sector has begun to decline seriously. Wine production has fallen steeply.

The only important market for Algerian wine is in France, whose own wine growers are demanding strict controls on imports.

In the feudalistic sector in spite of the record wheat harvest last year living standards will remain bitterly low unless radical changes are introduced, but changes cannot be introduced without a prior land reform. Also, herds should be rebuilt, the breeds improved, new pastures planted with grasses developed in the dry areas of Australia, and milk production and food-processing industries started. The nomads should be encouraged to settle permanently and become scientific farmers. This cannot be done overnight. Algeria has no equivalent to the US land-grant colleges. Both private foundations and the United Nations appear willing to finance programs for agricultural training, but the Algerians seem to feel no sense of urgency about this problem. Regional development programs, hasty formation of cooperatives and inappropriate credit institutions are much more attractive, but will all fail if no effort is made to inject practical agricultural information at all educational levels.

The short-run prospects are not bright. The problems on the nationalized estates have not been solved. Wine production may decline further. Most of the educational, managerial and administrative difficulties will persist in the manufacturing sector. The industrialization program is unlikely to make much progress. There will be no economic miracles in Algeria in 1964. If the US continues to provide wheat and the Algerians improve their distribution so that the poorest do not suffer intolerably, Algeria may be able to avoid totalitarianism and to build a society on humanitarian and socialist lines. Time however is running short.

MEXICO: *De Gaulle's Mission*

★ Mexican newspapermen have been told that General de Gaulle will hold no press conferences, grant no interviews, and answer no questions on his awaited visit. Yet it is already expected that he will score points

against the US and influence Latin American policies, perhaps because he understands Latin American politics better than most Americans do. At least, the timing of de Gaulle's Latin American trips – Mexico this month, South America this fall – is further evidence of his astute political sense.

With few exceptions, the Latin American governments are oligarchies. When one of them nationalizes or threatens to nationalize a foreign enterprise, it does so in the interest not of the people as a whole but of a thin slice of top society. It is a common mistake, for example, to consider Joao Goulart an extremist or a leftist, when in fact the Brazilian President's entire political career shows him to be a skilled politician in the service of an oligarchy.

Inside most Latin American countries there are fires burning which the United States mistakenly views as ignited by the left (with the result that Washington's own foreign policy is automatically labeled as right-wing). Young businessmen wish to trade with the Soviet bloc and with Communist China. The intellectuals and students who sign manifestos have a double purpose in mind: "protecting" Castro, but also earning expense-paid trips to Moscow or Peking.

The foreign policies of most Latin American governments mask their real objectives. Thus, even the ones that might be expected to be as anxious to get rid of Castro as the most intransigent groups in the United States are opposed to the American policy toward Cuba. Why? Because their anti-American attitude appeases the most vociferous members of the "left" in their countries and buys their submissiveness or even their complicity in domestic programs which unfailingly protect the economic interests of a few.

It is true that these governments are subject to pressures from other groups as well: the most conservative wing of the oligarchy, which sees a Communist in every shadow; and the democrats of the true left, who view both Castroism and Communism as forces of political and social reaction and who somewhat hesitantly identify the United States with a drive toward social and political progress.

Up to now all these pressures have tended to balance one another, with the governments alternately pacifying the odd alliances of businessmen and Communist sympathizers on the one hand, and of conservatives and democrats on the other. De Gaulle's trip, however, will tip the scales toward the side of trade with the Soviet bloc and toward a diplomacy resembling that of France.

This is not to say that de Gaulle will immediately win over Latin America to recognizing Communist China and voting for its admission into the United Nations. But his visits will nevertheless have unpleasant reverberations in the State Department.

The Hill Country of Lyndon Johnson

San Antonio

West of Austin and north of San Antonio is a small pocket of Texas, once drenched with the blood of dissenters. It isn't the enlightened North, or the old South, or the new West. It's the Texas Hill Country of Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Less than 50 miles to the southwest of the President's ranch, in the quiet town of Comfort, stands one of the least-known monuments in America. On its face is the inscription "*Treue der Union.*" On the sides one can read "*Gefallen am 10 Aug. 1862 am Neuces,*" "*Gefangen genommen und ermordet,*" "*Gefallen am 18 Oct. 1862, am Rio Grande.*"

After the devastation of the Napoleonic Wars, Germany was wracked by economic unrest. Riots by college students, then open revolt by the masses – all brutally suppressed by the Crown – prefaced a wave of German immigration to Texas which included school teachers, musicians, doctors, lawyers, intellectuals and skilled craftsmen.

The Germans worked hard, minded their own business; the Indians tended to trust them more than they did the Anglo-American. They opposed slavery and refused to repudiate their oath of loyalty to the United States of America when Texas joined the Confederacy: in Gillespie County, where the President was born, the vote was 398 to 16 against secession.

Brigadier General Hamilton P. Bee, whose brother immortalized Jackson with the name "Stonewall," appointed James Duff Provost Marshal for the Western Sub-District of Texas. It was Duff's job to impose martial law and keep the Germans in line, since many had refused to volunteer for the Confederate Army, or even honor the draft. Court-martialed for deserting the US Army, Duff was known as "The Rebel Butcher of Southwest Texas." He murdered German immigrants and burned their homes.

In 1862, at a point not far from the President's home, 63 Union sympathizers began a march to the Rio Grande. They camped on the banks of the Neuces River, and around a campfire unsuspecting men sang songs and made speeches about "Refugeeing to Mexico." At the break of dawn, Duff's men attacked. All prisoners were killed; many of those who escaped were tracked down and shot as they tried to cross the Rio Grande.

Resentment against the Germans lingered for years. Not long before World War I, my great-uncle, Congressman James Slayden, appointed a "German boy" from the Hill Country to the US Naval Academy. Although the young man had won a competitive examina-

tion, it was whispered in polite San Antonio circles that the Congressman had made a mistake. How could a "German" amount to anything as an officer in the US Navy? Chester Nimitz, however, turned out to be a better-than-average sailor.

The President's ranch is on the Pedernales River. Upstream a few miles stands another monument to non-conformists. Here the village of Zodiac was built in 1847 around a temple, a general store, a school, a cabinet shop and a gristmill. The whole community held title to everything exceeding the actual needs of the individual. The members of this commune belonged to an offshoot of the Church of Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ.

Following Joseph Smith's murder in 1844, Brigham Young and Lyman Wight each contended that he was Smith's successor. Both were members of "The Quorum of Twelve," the governing body of the Mormon Church. Young set out for Salt Lake Valley. Wight, with 150 men, women and children, floated down the Mississippi River, eventually establishing the small community of Zodiac.

In 1946, the Fredericksburg, Texas, *Standard*, in its centennial edition recounted: "... Had it not been for these strange, kind people, many of the early [German] pioneers would have starved to death for it was the Mormons who showed them how to raise many of the things best suited for Texas soil and climate necessary for survival in this great wilderness. ... The Mormons were undoubtedly the first pioneers [to settle] in Gillespie County."

Others got protection from Indian attacks, but not the "strange" Mormons who wrote to the Indian agent in San Antonio: "... It seems very curious to us that troops are raised and sent 500 or 600 miles from where an Indian ever roamed and leave our frontiers without protection. ... Who has lost horses in the White Mountains? It must be the Rangers if anybody as they are the only ones in all probability that was ever there. ... While Congress is spending six or eight months to find out whether it is best to reinforce the Army or not, the Indians are killing men, women and children and driving off large quantities of stock and nothing to hinder. ... We make this one more appeal." A majority of the Texas Mormons returned to the North or fled to California and Mexico at the outbreak of the Civil War.

In this arid country gnarled oaks fight their way toward a boiling sun. This is LBJ's favorite spot, and to this part of Texas he helped to bring in electric co-

operatives, dams and soil-saving measures.

Here, in the Johnson Hill Country, men opposed slavery, stood up for the Union alongside of Sam Houston, practiced a "non-conforming" religion and told the authorities to go to hell.

MAURY MAVERICK JR.

Restive Russian Youth

Tattered Banners of Soviet Ideology

The Soviet people today – and this is especially true of the younger generation – are remarkably indifferent to official doctrine. Many Americans, of course, dispute this. They say that the Communist Party has been engaged, ever since 1917, in a ceaseless effort to indoctrinate the population with "Marxism-Leninism"; they point out that the Party has stepped up its investment in "ideological work" in the last three or four years. I want to suggest, however, that the very intensity of the indoctrination effort may be counter-productive; because it is one-sided, repetitious and simply dull it may only succeed in deadening the senses of the Russian people to all political questions.

My own experience in living with Soviet students from 1959 to 1961 suggests that this is about what has happened. All the students I knew were required to take a series of courses in Party history and Marxism-Leninism. Few took them seriously. One of my favorite souvenirs is a copy of the official *History of the CPSU* given to me by a Soviet student. Once his examination was out of the way, he had no further use for it. He told me that the book was banal, dogmatic, and that anyway "the line will change in another year."

Another acquaintance of mine, a well-educated and broad-minded man, had to "bone up" on doctrine in order to get an exit visa. He had been selected to visit Western Europe with a delegation of Soviet tourists, a rare mark of privilege. But before he was permitted to leave, he had to appear before a committee of professors who grilled him on the Soviet position on peaceful coexistence, disarmament, the underdeveloped countries and related questions. He knew all the right answers, but only because he had been up the night before reading the textbooks.

The political mood I am trying to describe is not

"rebellious," but indifferent. What worries the regime is that too many young people want to relax and enjoy life, despite the constant exhortation to join in the great task of "building a Communist society in the Soviet Union."

Vsevolod Kochetov, in his novel, *The Regional Party Secretary*, has characterized this attitude in a dialogue between an Old Bolshevik and a young poet. The old man, Chernogus, attacks the younger one for being "cut off from life," for extreme individualism, for ignoring the role of the poet in society. Ptushkov, the young poet, impatiently breaks in to ask, "What are you trying to say? That 'Music and poetry are bombs and banners, a voice which summons the class to rise up in rebellion?' " In the novel, Chernogus is very surprised by this, and the dialogue goes on:

Chernogus: That is about what I wanted to say, yes. In fact you have said it better than I could. But haven't you ever thought about this?

Ptushkov: Yes, I've thought of it. But the time of bombs and banners has passed. The class struggle is over, and we no longer have any classes. We have only man, the individual. And man is always man. He has always been falling in love, and he always will. He has always gone through joy and sadness, and he always will. There will always be some who are happy, and some who are unhappy. There has always been jealousy, and sensuality, and. . .

Chernogus: And sex?

Ptushkov: Yes, if you want to bring this up, we have always had sex, and we always will.

Chernogus: Then what is it that we did in October, 1917?

Ptushkov: Yes, what did you do? For people like me – and I suppose for yourselves as well – you won the right to be one's self, the right to be free in what one creates. For this, of course, you have our thanks, and many times over. But how long must you go on reproaching us, and reminding us of the good you have done?

Kochetov is no radical. He is one of the most conservative and politically strait-laced of the Soviet writers. But in Ptushkov, who is a transparent caricature of the poets of the new generation, Kochetov has managed to articulate their ideas.

The older generation which Chernogus speaks for is understandably resentful. They believe that they have created, in the Soviet Union, a unique social order – though at a terrible cost in hardship and deprivation. Now they see that this creation must fall into the hands of an incompetent, ungrateful and uninspired younger generation. The more sophisticated of Soviet youth complain that this is precisely what is wrong with the older generation. It did live through the Stalin era and

kept silence. One Soviet student, a young man of only 21, once told me: "The campaign against the 'cult of personality' did more than just unmask a dictator, it unmasked a whole generation." Why, after all, listen to men who have been so completely compromised by their long silence in the face of unspeakable tyranny, men who survived when greater men perished?

I remember a curious conversation from 1961, when one young man informed me that a hundred "American-style" night clubs in the city of Leningrad would be built within five years. Of course nothing of the sort appeared. Another rumor circulating in Leningrad at about the same time was the myth of the "Finnish store." There were several versions, but the most common story was that the Soviet government had signed a new trade agreement with Finland, and the Finns were going to open a giant department store in Leningrad. The store would sell only exotic Western goods like nylon blouses, jazz records, spike-heeled shoes and wash-and-wear suits. Like the night-club rumor, the tale of the "Finnish store" was false, but it is a good indication of what many young people want.

The system both encourages and discourages this hunger for material goods. On the one hand the Party proclaims that it can "overtake and surpass" the West in industrial production. On the other hand the system discourages status-seeking. It is wrong – according to official Soviet morality – to want more than one's fellows. The new generation (especially the students) finds this hard to understand. If the Soviet Union is going to out-produce the Western world, if "socialism" means

"plenty," then why not now? The regime has taken some harsh measures to punish status-seeking and individualism. The parasite laws and the people's volunteer squads (*druzhina*) are formal institutions whose purpose is to enforce conformity in taste and in conduct. It is the younger generation which has suffered most from those institutions. One girl of my acquaintance, a student of mathematics, failed an oral examination because, as a professor told her privately, she appeared too well-dressed, too "capitalistic" to be a good Soviet mathematician.

But I want to point out that the Western things which hold such a fascination for Soviet youth are just that: *things* and not *ideas*. A Soviet girl's eyes will sparkle with interest when you describe the latest dance step, or the current length of the Western skirt. Young men want to know about the latest model from Detroit, or how to tie a Windsor knot. They have little interest in the workings of the Presidency, or the liberal-arts college, or the free-enterprise system. Like young people everywhere they are adventuresome, eager for life, resentful of the authority of age. They tend to be ambitious, inquisitive, and of course eager to have a good time. They are tired of hearing about revolution, and bored by the ideology of the class struggle. As Ptushkov put it: "The time of bombs and banners has passed."

DARRELL P. HAMMER

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That Mysterious A-11

by William E. Boggs

The elaborate secrecy surrounding the development of the 2,000-mile-an-hour supersonic A-11 "interceptor," and the carefully staged disclosure by the President of the plane's existence provoke two questions: Why was the project kept secret so long? And what prompted Mr. Johnson to reveal it at this particular time?

The rococo security precautions smack of CIA. They are typical of the secrecy surrounding the development of the U-2 and were apparently imposed for the same reason: the A-11 was originally designed as a fast successor of the U-2. Like the U-2, the A-11 was developed and built by Lockheed. The frame of the A-11

looks like a hybrid of the pencil-shaped U-2 and the stubby-winged, missile-like X-15 rocket plane. To some extent it combines the best features of both: the long-range and high ceiling of the U-2, and the ballistic speed of the X-15. But a hybrid design necessarily involves compromises, and the A-11 probably cannot soar to the 100,000-foot operating altitude of the U-2, nor accelerate to the Mach 6 (4,000-mile-per-hour) speed record set last December by the X-15. There has been speculation, based on a photograph of the A-11, that it can fly at a speed of Mach 5 at altitudes of 100,000 feet. At 100,000 feet Mach 5 works out close to

3,300 miles per hour. (Because the speed of sound decreases with altitude, supersonic speeds are usually reckoned in terms of Mach number, after the Austrian physicist Ernst Mach. At sea level the speed of sound is about 750 miles per hour, but at flight altitude it is closer to 660.) But to estimate accurately the top speed of a plane from a photograph, an aeronautical engineer must be able to judge the angle at which the leading edges of the wings are swept back – the sharper the sweepback, the faster the plane. The official photo of the A-11 predictably shows the wings almost end-on, making an accurate estimate of its top speed virtually impossible.

The President's statement that the A-11 has been flying for some time, and the fact that 11 or 12 were built instead of the customary two or three prototypes, tend to confirm that the A-11 is in fact an operational reconnaissance plane.

Its speed would make it a more difficult target than the U-2 to bring down with a ground-to-air missile, but the contest would still be uneven because once the heat-sensitive guidance system of an anti-aircraft missile "locks on" the hot exhaust of a jet engine, a plane has little chance of escaping. Even the speed of the A-11 is no match for that of a rocket. Perhaps the plane's best chance would be to fly at say, 500 feet, which would hide it – except for a few seconds – below the "horizon" of the groundbased, radar-guided aiming devices used to watch anti-aircraft missiles. Interceptors are a defender's most reliable weapon against low-flying aircraft, but with its speed the A-11 could outrun any existing pursuit plane. (The X-15, which must be carried aloft by a bomber, and burns so much fuel that it can fly for only a few minutes, is not suitable for combat.)

Perhaps, as was the case with the U-2, the reason for designing the A-11, and its success or failure in performing its mission, will never be officially confirmed until it suits the propaganda purposes of one side or the other.

The timing of the President's disclosure is easily explained by the "commercial application" of the A-11 technology: to wit – the 1,800-mile-an-hour supersonic airliner. It is hardly a coincidence that the existence of the A-11 was announced just a few days before the release of a report by investment bankers Eugene R. Black (former head of the World Bank) and Stanley de J. Osborne, which recommended the development of the supersonic transport.

This is the year that Congress must decide whether the Federal Aviation Agency's supersonic transport project is worth backing with a billion dollars of federal

funds. The plane has been criticized in these pages ("The Plane Nobody Wants," Sept. 14, 1963, and "Plane in a Poke," November 2, 1963) and elsewhere for being dangerous, noisy and expensive. Nevertheless the Federal Aviation Agency, with rhythmic accompaniment from the ailing aircraft industry, has succeeded in persuading Congress to authorize funds for a design study. With three design proposals in hand, the FAA must now turn to Congress for the big money. But there may still be some difficulties to overcome.

High Temperatures

One problem is illustrated by the setbacks to the RS-70, a stainless-steel supersonic bomber that was designed to fly at the same speed as both the A-11 and the supersonic transport. Like an albatross, the RS-70 seems to have trouble getting off the ground. Scheduled for flight tests a year ago, it has never left the runway, chiefly because its engineers appear unable to design a leak-proof fuel tank. This is imperative because the high skin temperature of the plane could ignite any vaporized fuel that might escape. However, the fact that the A-11 has flown at all is evidence that the fuel-tank problem has somehow been solved.

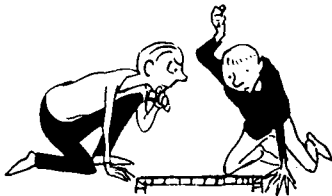
Another problem is what structural material to use in the supersonic transport. Even in the relatively thin upper atmosphere, at 2,000 miles per hour air friction will heat the metal skin of a plane to about 600° Fahrenheit – roughly the temperature of molten lead. Aluminum softens dangerously at such temperatures, making it necessary for airplane designers to turn to metals like stainless steel or titanium, which can better stand the heat and mechanical stress of supersonic flight. A light metal like titanium is obviously preferable to steel because it enables the plane to carry more pounds of payload. The chief difficulty in using titanium is that its metallurgy – that is, the techniques of alloying, rolling, casting, welding and finishing it – are dark areas of technology which require considerable research time to explore. The titanium skin of the A-11 indicates that much of this dark area has now been mapped, although the results may not be as promising as the backers of the supersonic transport might hope: knowledge gained in the A-11 project about the limitations of titanium was cited by Defense Department aides as the reason they rejected an earlier proposal to use titanium in the much-belabored TFX supersonic fighter.

The Administration has announced its intention to distribute the research information from the A-11 project to the companies bidding on the supersonic transport. This will prevent some expensive duplication of research, and is therefore to be praised, although the longer-term goal – the building of the supersonic transport – still seems questionable.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, a science editor for a New York publishing house, is a frequent contributor.

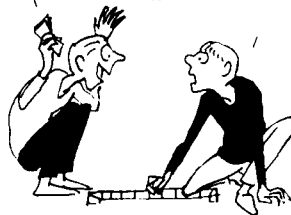
JULES FEIFFER

C'MON,
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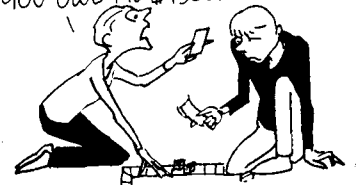
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HA! NINE-
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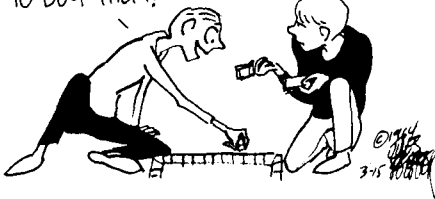
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN YOUR
PROPERTY?
SINCE WHEN
DO YOU OWN
THIS SENATOR?

HERE'S MY DEED. I
BOUGHT HIM ON MY
LAST ROLL OF THE
DICE. AND I PUT
FOUR HOTELS AND A
TV STATION ON HIM.
YOU OWE ME \$1500.



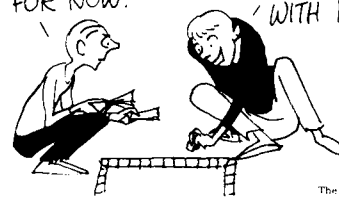
O.K.
O.K.
ROLL
THE
DICE.

THREE! 1-2-
3-THE CON-
GRESSIONAL
DELEGATION
FROM NEW
YORK! I WANT
TO BUY THEM!



THAT'S \$50 A
PIECE. YOU WANT
TO BUY A HIGH-
WAY WITH THEM?
THAT'S ANOTHER
\$2500.

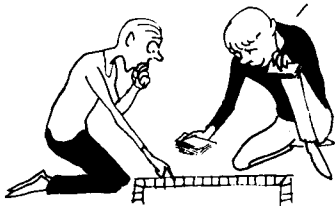
THAT'S MORE
CASH THAN I
HAVE. I'LL
ONLY BUY A
SHELTER
PROGRAM
FOR NOW.



TEN! THE SENATOR
FROM OKLAHOMA! I'LL
TAKE HIM AND I'LL BUY
TWO RADIO STATIONS
AND AN OIL DEPLETION
ALLOWANCE TO GO
WITH HIM.

The Hall Syndicate, Inc.

FOUR!
1-2-
3-
UH-OH-



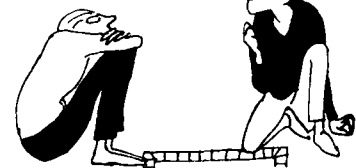
THE ETHICS
COMMITTEE!
YOU LANDED
ON THE ETHICS
COMMITTEE!
PICK A CARD!

"THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE FOUND
OUT ABOUT YOU AND THE SUGAR
LOBBY. YOU WILL RESIGN FROM
GOVERNMENT FOR REASONS OF
ILL HEALTH. GO BACK
TO TAMMANY."



I WIN!
I WIN!
I WIN!

LISTEN,
WHY
DON'T
WE PLAY
"MONOPOLY?"



NAH, LET'S
HAVE AN-
OTHER GAME
OF "CIVICS".

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Let's Talk about Politics

by Gerald W. Johnson

Now is the winter of the book reviewer's discontent. For this is a Presidential year, which is to say a year in which the presses will be clogged with a plethora of campaign biographies, most of them, from the literary standpoint, lousy; and the sorrow's crown of sorrow is the fact that the lousiest among them may reveal – usually inadvertently – some facet of some candidate's char-

The Lyndon Johnson Story
by Booth Mooney
(Farrar, Straus; \$4.50)

*Nelson Rockefeller:
A Political Biography*
by James Desmond
(Macmillan; \$5)

*Presidential Elections
Strategies of American
Electoral Politics*
by Aaron B. Wildavsky and
Nelson W. Polsby
(Scribner's; \$3.95)

The House Rules Committee
by James A. Robinson
(Bobbs-Merrill; \$4)

acter that is relevant to the issue before the electorate. Therefore they must all be read, to the profound malaise of the luckless reviewer.

Hence it is a pleasure to begin the recital with a book that really doesn't matter. This is a biography of Lyndon B. Johnson, and its irrelevance has nothing whatever to do with the competence of Mr. Mooney, the author, who is, in fact, definitely more intelligent than the hacks who turn out the bulk of such commodities. Mr. Mooney is relegated to the perimeter of public interest by circumstances beyond his control, indeed, beyond the control of any man. He is compelled to argue a case that is what the lawyers call moot,

which is to say, the points at issue have already been decided.

Mr. Mooney perforce is restricted to presenting reasons why we might reasonably have chosen Johnson for President, which he does well enough. But as a matter of historical fact we did not choose Johnson, preferring John F. Kennedy instead. Nevertheless, owing to the deadly aim of a maniac with a rifle we have Johnson for President, and the question accordingly is not whether he should be elected, but whether he should be re-elected; and the answer to that question can be supplied by nobody except Mr. Johnson.

It follows that while all the virtue, sapience and potency attributed to Johnson prior to November 22, 1963, by his biographer may be established fact, still, in the unforgettable words of Mr. Ogden Nash in another connection, "a damn is given by nobody." What Johnson was as Texas politician, as United States Senator, and as businessman are irrelevancies. The question upon which the decision of next November hangs is, what is he as President of the United States?

In short, President Johnson is in course of writing his own campaign biography, and what he writes upon the scroll of history is all that counts. He has written one interesting chapter in the tax-reduction bill, and is writing another in the civil rights measure. If he writes as well on medicare and foreign policy, he will be a shoo-in next November. If he doesn't, the result is anybody's guess, and a campaign biography written by a collaboration of Boswell, Macaulay, Carl Sandburg and Douglas Freeman could not affect it.

From the standpoint of a professional writer Mooney is entitled to a certain amount of sympathy because he was up against the impossible. He has turned out the conventionally uncritical

account of Johnson's early career, written in a somewhat swooning style, but good enough if you're interested.

By the same token, the President himself deserves the sympathy that goes to a man who, through no fault of his own, is on an excessively hot spot. Most Presidents seeking re-election have had four years in which to write the record, but Johnson started with a little over eleven months. However, Kennedy had already laid out the program; all Johnson has to prove is that he has the power and adroitness to put it through.

The task confronting Mr. Rockefeller's campaign biographer is, of course, not to convince the public that his subject is running, but to convince us that he is not running down. This undertaking Mr. Desmond handles with marked skill and some success, but sardonic destiny played a trick on him too.

The entire opus, but especially the finale, is keyed to the assumption that the man Rockefeller would have to beat would be John F. Kennedy. But even those who are persuaded that Rockefeller could have taken Kennedy are not necessarily convinced that he can take Johnson. The latter may not be a mightier man, but he is a different man, with a different style of fighting, which the man who is to beat him must take into account.

One suspects that if Mr. Desmond were to do the thing over he would lay much less emphasis on the fact that the Governor of New York is the grandson of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and much more on that fact that he is also the grandson of Nelson W. Aldrich. The Rhode Island Senator is almost forgotten now, but for thirty years he came much closer to ruling this country than John D. ever did; and by Mr. Desmond's own account Nelson Rockefeller's psychological inheritance from Aldrich is conspicuous.

Aldrich, too, was a money-maker, a millionaire in his thirties, but he had a personal charm that the original Rocke-

feller lacked and an artistic taste that enabled him to assemble a collection that, although not large, commanded the respect of professional critics. His *modus operandi* was to bull things through and he could absorb terrific punishment and come back for more.

In all these respects Nelson Rockefeller is his spiritual heir. The way he crammed the Republican platform of 1960 down Nixon's throat was pure Aldrichism, and so is his political indestructibility. So also is the personal charm that enabled him both to fight and to serve personalities as disparate as Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower.

Mr. Desmond's book is frank journalism, which is to say it is lucid, swift-paced and unambiguous, in short, good English even if he does occasionally perpetuate such atrocities as using

"happenstance" for chance. But as a political biography—his subtitle—it is over-discreet in the crucial matter of Rockefeller's divorce and re-marriage.

This is not, as Rockefeller insists, a private matter. People without the slightest desire to regulate anyone's morals have a legitimate interest in knowing whether or not a candidate for the Presidency is (a) emotionally stable, and (b) has an adequate comprehension of the American temperament as it is expressed in conventional attitudes. Both are necessary qualifications of a successful President, and a desire for reassurance on both points is not an intrusion into privacy.

To turn from candidates to the more enduring stuff of American politics is a pleasure. It is especially so in the instance of *Presidential Elections*, a book in which not one but two heads appear above the surface of the syllogistic sea to take a look at the obvious. Messrs. Wildavsky and Polsby risk being branded as heretics because they can tell a hawk from a handsaw, from which one infers that they are mad but north-northwest; in which they differ from the mass of their colleagues, wedded to the delusion that there must exist somewhere some kind of logical analysis by which American politics can be reduced to rationality.

The last sentence of their book is evidence that these two have escaped from that delusion, at least momentarily. It reads, "Very few people are perfectly satisfied with this framework within which our Presidential elections are held, but even fewer have devised ways of making the system better without simultaneously making it worse."

However, they leave it at that, perhaps because they could do no other. If they had proceeded to examine the historical fact that our system has survived through enormous changes in the environment they would have been forced to admit that it must have been improved; for had it been incapable of improvement it must have gone down long ago, as the practice of dueling went down. It seems to be the fact, though, that the ways of improving it have only occasionally been devised; as a rule, they have been felt.

It is a reasonable inference, then, that while American politics is capable of

explanation, its logic is not the logic of science, but of art, which is of a different order. It may be plausibly argued that politics is a subdivision, not of sociology, but of dramaturgy; which accounts for the observed fact that its supreme practitioners have always been great actors, but only occasionally great thinkers.

But for a political scientist *qua* scientist to advance this theory would be, well, let us say unconstitutional. It would reduce to rubbish vast piles of scholarly tomes devoted to statistical analysis of the voting records of past elections; for statistical analysis of a dramatic production is as irrelevant as mineralogical analysis of the marble in Michaelangelo's *David*. As a matter of plain fact the gentlemen do advance the theory, but implicitly, not explicitly. Their book is in effect a *précis* of the Andean mass of literature on the subject, a literature that is a prodigious achievement of scientific scholarship almost void of significance.

It is beautifully written and occasionally touched with a pawky humor. This may please the relatively unlettered, but it will outrage the formidable body of opinion that true science is necessarily solemn and opaque.

Mr. Robinson, too, is a political scientist, although in the slender work under consideration he operates primarily as an annalist. He traces the development of the House Rules Committee, explaining persuasively the reasons for its present constitution and methods.

This is work of distinct value, especially to students, but in an important sense it is *Hamlet* without the Prince. The House Rules Committee is chiefly, but by no means entirely, an instrumentality by which the business of the House of Representatives is kept moving in smooth and orderly fashion. Even that function it does not discharge any too well, as Mr. Robinson freely admits, at the same time pointing out the difficulty of making its operation more efficient.

But he does no more than hint at the unacknowledged function that Rules discharges supremely well: the means by which members can defeat a measure without voting against it and thereby incurring the enmity of its supporters. A bill never reported by

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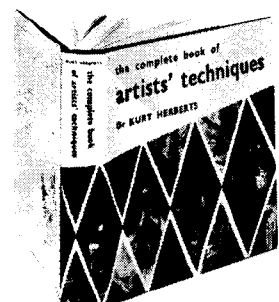
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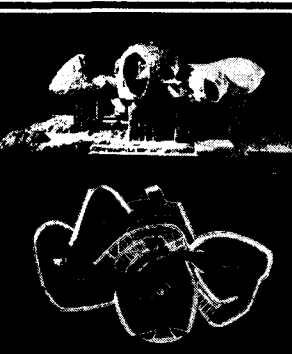
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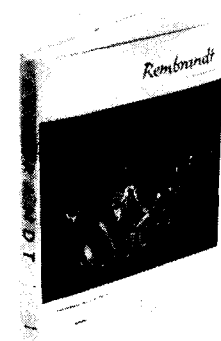
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Rules is as dead as one voted down on the floor of the House; but Congressman X, not a member of Rules, cannot be convicted of having opposed it.

Fraud is bad science, but it can be good theater, or *The Comedy of Errors* would have flopped three hundred

years ago. As an adjunct to legitimate business the Rules Committee is valuable; but as an accessible storehouse of false-faces it is priceless. Its failure to stress this is an error of omission that reduces the value of an otherwise excellent book.

other words, the existence of a hard-working bureaucracy.

There are some categories we must not condemn out of hand, and these include countries run by the military. Army training, with its virtue of promotion by merit, may be the only road to a necessary degree of decisiveness, a willingness to take and execute orders, and readiness to uphold convictions. The offsetting drawback is lack of military facilities for conveying opinion from the bottom to the top. Nor must we write off countries that have dealings with the Eastern bloc. At any stage short of total subservience, their Eastern connections may be no more than a harmless act of self assertion, or else – also harmless – an adjustment of previous unbalance in dealings between East and West, in order to gain an illusion of total independence. (As Mr. Crozier points out, no one is wholly independent nowadays.) All the experience of the sixties goes to show that non-alignment does the West no harm. Contrary to expectation, the aftermath of imperial surrender is not a vacuum into which Communist influence flows, but is (after a first brief moment of anti-colonial fraternization is over) more like a petting party at which Russians fare no better than Americans or the former imperial power. "The governments of the region," writes Halpern, "possess a strength and freedom which they never had before." And they manifest it by equal distribution of their disfavor. Sekou Touré of Guinea snubs de Gaulle but dismisses the Soviet ambassador. Nasser pursues an "Arab socialism" that is as distasteful to true Soviet sons of the October revolution as it is to Republican diehards.

Each of these books, when discussing Western policy, opts for a detached attitude towards neutralism, behaving amiably towards it for as long as it takes Afro-Asia to gain enough self-confidence to resist incitement to revolution. Mr. Crozier is a journalist. His special subjects are South East Asia and the ex-French empire. The advantage of his book is its liveliness; its drawback, too much globe-trotting. Each chapter makes a valid point, but owing to the very variety of the situations he describes, his broad deductions are thin.

The American Assembly volume, which is likewise readable, is a good

How They Take Their Independence

by Elizabeth Monroe

However much we deplore one-man rule by loud-speaker, imprisonment without trial, political verdicts delivered by robed judges, dismissed professors, manipulated elections and the like, they are national practices and may last our lifetime. In many of the underdeveloped, non-aligned nations the rulers have considerable popular support, and we must put up with their symptoms

The Morning After
by Brian Crozier
(Oxford; \$7.50)

The United States and the Middle East
The American Assembly
edited by Georgiana G. Stevens
(Prentice Hall; \$3.95)

The Politics of Social Change
in the Middle East and North Africa
by Manfred Halpern
(Princeton; \$8.50)

of insecurity while they adjust their new instruments of power to the old structure of their society.

These three books at once demonstrate that there are several varieties of "morning after" Independence Day. The least attractive is in countries run

by leaders contending either with racial or tribal complexities, or else with economic disaster, and who are extremist because their only nationwide appeal is to emotion (Burma, Congo, Indonesia). The more congenial are countries that passed from the colonial era into the hands of leaders who are radical but seem to be working for their peoples rather than for themselves (India, Cambodia, Nigeria, Tunisia, Egypt). Classification may be temporary, for no regime is bullet-proof; it is also arbitrary, for there are no fixed criteria. India, for instance, is multi-lingual and multi-racial but has had 15 years of relative stability; Burma has been independent for three times as long as Nigeria but is at least three times farther from establishing equilibrium.

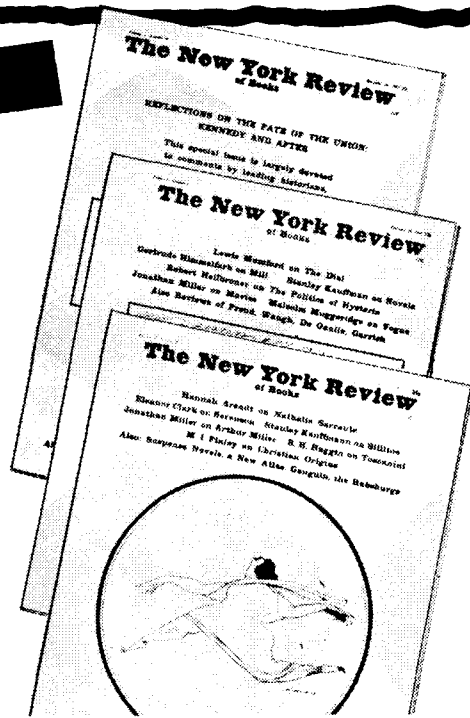
Local disparities – for instance, the experience of invasion (Burma) or two centuries of colonial rule (Senegal) – render the world too diverse to classify and compare; however interesting the comparisons which Mr. Crozier attempts in the most readable of these three books, they are wide open to criticism. The narrower range chosen by Professor Halpern (Morocco to Pakistan) and the American Assembly (the Arab States and Israel) is more manageable. Nevertheless, a worldwide survey provides a few yardsticks for measuring which states are worth encouraging. Broadly speaking, states worth cherishing display one or more of the following characteristics: a relatively free economy; an élite honest enough to criticize itself; courts that work independently; no inclination to engineer foreign distraction from domestic trouble; ability to attract the Harvard or Stanford graduate back to a job at home; awareness of the difference between planning and performance – in

"WHEN THE ONLY clear line – and therefore the major line – of U.S. policy is toward a spreading deal with Moscow, what more natural than that NATO should weaken, that France should seek her own ties elsewhere? Why should Britain, France or Spain decline to trade with Castro when the U.S. feeds Castro's master? Why should Makarios join in keeping Soviet influence out of his island when Washington greets Khrushchev as a friend?"

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general guide to the Middle Eastern scene from the time of first United States involvement to the moment of realization in about 1960 that, if vacuum there was, the local peoples and not the great powers must fill it.

Professor Halpern's book assumes that its reader has some background knowledge of the area. It is at its best when dealing with the reasons why social change in the Islamic world has failed to generate Communism anywhere. The Soviet Union, he shows, has been unable simultaneously to pursue a great-power policy and to uphold a worldwide social movement; the two ambitions defeat each other. Though full of home truths, his book is couched

in the complicated language that socialists seem to fancy, and is generally heavy going.

But it is, with its lighter fellows, reasonably optimistic. Some Afro-Asians have surmounted minority problems as bad as any in Europe; India's planning and performance seem to be slower but far steadier than Communist China's. If Japan, under parliamentary government, can lever itself into the prosperity class, is there not hope for over-populated, resourceless Egypt? At present, the main danger in most underdeveloped countries is that the powerful do not have enough power to cope with their problems. We must give the dictators time.

raise less revenue than is needed — and which conflict with just about every rational social and economic precept.

Under the present scheme of things, the only taxpayers who bear the brunt of the progressive tax rates on net income are those whose sole source of income consists of cash compensation for services rendered or work performed. Whether they earn \$5,000 or \$50,000, these individuals are the goats. Perhaps, as Stern states, this is so because this large amorphous group of wage and salary earners has no trade association to represent it before Congress. In any event, to nearly all but this vast group, Congress has been persuaded to grant subsidies in the form of tax relief, popularized by the euphonic term "loopholes."

Mr. Stern treats these "loopholes" with precisely the respect they deserve. The taxpayer will read of his treatment with rising indignation unless, of course, he happens to be one of the "loopholees." Of the hundreds of subsidies built into the laws, percentage depletion for most minerals except dirt is perhaps the best known; a close second is the flat capital gains tax on income realized from the sale of stock held for six months. These subsidies, hidden from public attention in the dark of the revenue laws, are exactly the same sort of thing as farm price supports and public relief and welfare programs about which one hears so much. As to whether a given group is subsidized, it makes little difference whether the subsidy is granted by not taxing the group or whether the tax is collected and then returned to the group. It is important, however, that in the former case the relief granted has no necessary relation to need, whereas, in the latter, the relief will be subject to continued scrutiny and thus can be tailored by careful legislation and administration to accomplish its asserted purpose.

The thoughtful tax practitioner must agree with Mr. Stern's thesis that much of the \$40 billion annual cost of these loophole-subsidies has no rational justification. Moreover, the closing of these loopholes would mean that tax rates could be cut in half without the loss of a dollar of revenue. Mr. Stern's thesis has one major fault, which he acknowledges: the political odds against any

The Folklore of American Taxation

by Robert Randall

In the tradition of Thurman Arnold, Philip Stern has written a myth-shattering examination of a great American

The Great Treasury Raid
by Philip M. Stern
(Random House; \$5.95)

Institution — our federal tax system. The folklore is that the people are taxed according to their ability to pay. For those to whom it is important that this folklore be preserved, Mr. Stern has written a subversive book, as he tells a story that heretofore has been

known only to tax experts.

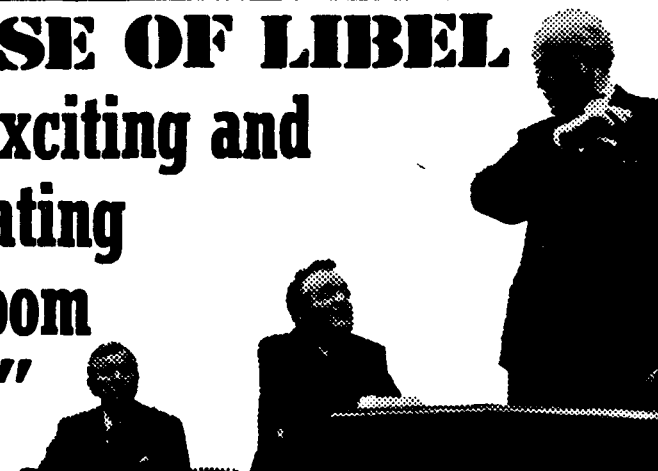
As social commentary, *The Great Treasury Raid* is, like *Power Without Property* by A. A. Berle, Jr., one of the most important books on a domestic issue to be published in years. Since 1913, when income taxation first became a permanent part of our lives, the explicit objective of raising revenue has run a poor second to the social and economic programs that have been quietly inserted into the tax laws. Today the tax laws are a vast tangle of special grants, subsidies, privileges, penalties, mitigations and compromises which

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real tax reform are overwhelming. For example, what started out as a tax reform in 1963 will be enacted as a tax reduction in 1964: rates are cut; loopholes remain.

Why are the odds against tax reform so overwhelming? As Mr. Stern shows, the lack of public pressure and comprehension, coupled with the very astute way in which Capitol Hill operates on revenue matters, precludes real reform. There is a second reason, to which the author does not devote a corresponding amount of attention.

Messy and unjust as the Internal Revenue Code is, our economy and industry have been built around it. Any genuine reform would sink more than a few boats, unless the loopholes were replaced with direct subsidies. Also, the continuation of these arbitrary and inequitable conditions permits those who will to sustain another bit of folklore—that our “free enterprise” is unsubsidized.

Despite its title, *The Great Treasury Raid* is not about tax evasion. Each gimmick Stern pinpoints is a perfectly legal way to avoid paying taxes.

THEATER

History as Drama

Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy* reads like a German doctoral dissertation in verse: two or three epigraphs precede each of the five acts, the acts themselves are divided into discrete sections and titled as if they were chapters, discursive passages and author's asides are generously mixed in with the dialogue, and sixty pages of prose, called “Historical Sidelights,” are appended

The Deputy
by Rolf Hochhuth
translated by
Richard and Clara Winston
(Grove; \$5.95)
adapted by Jerome Rothenberg
(Brooks Atkinson Theater)

at the end, accompanied by footnotes. The presence of so much scholarly paraphernalia in a published dramatic work suggests, for one thing, that the author has prepared himself for trouble ahead. And since *The Deputy* deals with an extremely inflammatory subject—the failure of Pope Pius XII to condemn unequivocally Hitler's extermination of the Jews—he has acted wisely: the work is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. There is no need to rehearse here the controversy that *The Deputy* has provoked in Europe and America; the slanders, the innuendo, the protests, the riots. Suffice it to say that the customary conditions

following the publication of an unpleasant truth have prevailed, and humanity has managed to disgrace itself again.

Hochhuth's painstaking research, on the other hand, does raise difficulties of a quite different kind, for although *The Deputy* is a remarkable work in many ways, it is an *animal amphibium*—a compound of fiction and fact which can be classified neither as good history nor as good literature. While Hochhuth's historical facts are unassailable, for example, some interesting questions have recently been raised about his interpretation of these facts, particularly his assumption that the silence of the Vatican—though partially determined by Church policy, which held the Bolsheviks to be the greater danger than the Nazis—would have been broken had another Pope (say, Pius XI) been in power. Guenter Lewy, in *Commentary*, has suggested that, on the contrary, Vatican policy was the logical culmination of Catholic anti-Semitism, while Hannah Arendt, in *The New York Herald Tribune*, has emphasized that it was Pacelli's predecessor who first praised Hitler and signed the Concordat with Nazi Germany. The temporizing of Pacelli over the fate of the Jews, even as they were being rounded up under his window, then, was not an isolated instance of passivity in the face of evil, but rather

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reflected the general moral and spiritual collapse of European Christianity, Protestant and Catholic alike.

Hochhuth's tendency to make the individual accountable for the failures of the institution is a heritage of his German idealism, an influence which can also be seen in the shape and substance of his play. *The Deputy* is written in the ponderous heroic style of Schiller, full of vaunting speeches, generous sacrifices, and externalized emotions—angry confrontations dominate each scene, the verse pitches and rolls, and indignation keeps the tone at a high boil. As for the characters, they are larger than scale, and, therefore, not always very convincing. When the author permits himself artistic license, he can create an interesting and complex individual—the Doctor, for example, whose fatigued cynicism, experimental cruelty, and intellectual arrogance make him a figure of absolute evil, a creation worthy of Sartre or Camus. But more often, Hochhuth's characters are members of a cardboard nobility: Gerstein, for example, the compassionate German who joined the SS, risking his own

life to help the victims of Hitler, or Father Riccardo Fontana, the anguished Jesuit priest, who pinned the Jewish star to his cassock when the Pope refused to protest, and accompanied the Jews to Auschwitz.

Although Father Fontana is fictional, Kurt Gerstein is based on an actual figure whose heroism Hochhuth wished to celebrate in his play. But this is one of the difficulties: historical fact does not always make for very profound art, unless it is supported by a good deal of invention. This is even more obvious in Hochhuth's characterization of Pacelli who appears, a cold, forbidding diplomat, in a climactic obligatory scene, endorsing checks from the Society of Jesus, discussing the various financial holdings of the Church, condemning the Allied bombing of San Lorenzo, and composing a highly ineffectual Article against suffering and misfortune which never once mentions the Jews by name. By adhering so faithfully to contemporary accounts of the Pope, Hochhuth has protected himself, as he must, against charges of tampering with history, but he has left

us with a superficial and shadowy character, whose motives remain unplumbed. Unlike Hannah Arendt, who was able to create an extraordinarily complex portrait of Eichmann because the materials were so abundant and her insight so acute, Hochhuth is limited by a scarcity of information about his subject, and by his own apparent lack of interest in the inner workings of character. Cataloguing his personages almost exclusively according to their attitudes towards the Pope's silence, Hochhuth preserves the moral integrity of his work, but at the cost of its aesthetic weight and complexity.

The New York production of his play, however, preserves no integrity at all, and I have confined my discussion to the printed text because the Broadway performance is beneath discussion. The adaptor, first of all, has confused the need to cut this six-hour work with the license to butcher it, for he has hacked away at the most interesting feature—its intellectual heart—exposing the weakest part of the anatomy—its melodramatic bones. Aside from excising four whole scenes, two of them essential to the theme, decimating characters (the Doctor and Gerstein are mere shadows now), and cutting out just about every literary, historical, political, and religious reference in the text, the adaptor has also methodically proceeded to soften the horror of the work and weaken the accusation of the author, sometimes by rewriting whole portions of dialogue. What the adaptor has left undone in the way of carnage, the director and actors have completed. Were it not so sloppy and unfinished, Herman Shumlin's direction might remind one of certain Hollywood Nazi movies of the forties, because it features exactly the same clichés: the jagged line of prisoners, rags carefully arranged, moving stagily behind barbed wire, threatened by guards; the immaculate Nazis, cracking whips against their boots and curling their lips contemptuously at their victims; the idealistic martyr-heroes, striking lofty postures, pumping up emotion, and spilling righteous rhetoric. Except for Emlyn Williams, whose characterization of Pacelli is suitably frozen and fastidious, none of the actors gives more than a stock performance, and they are

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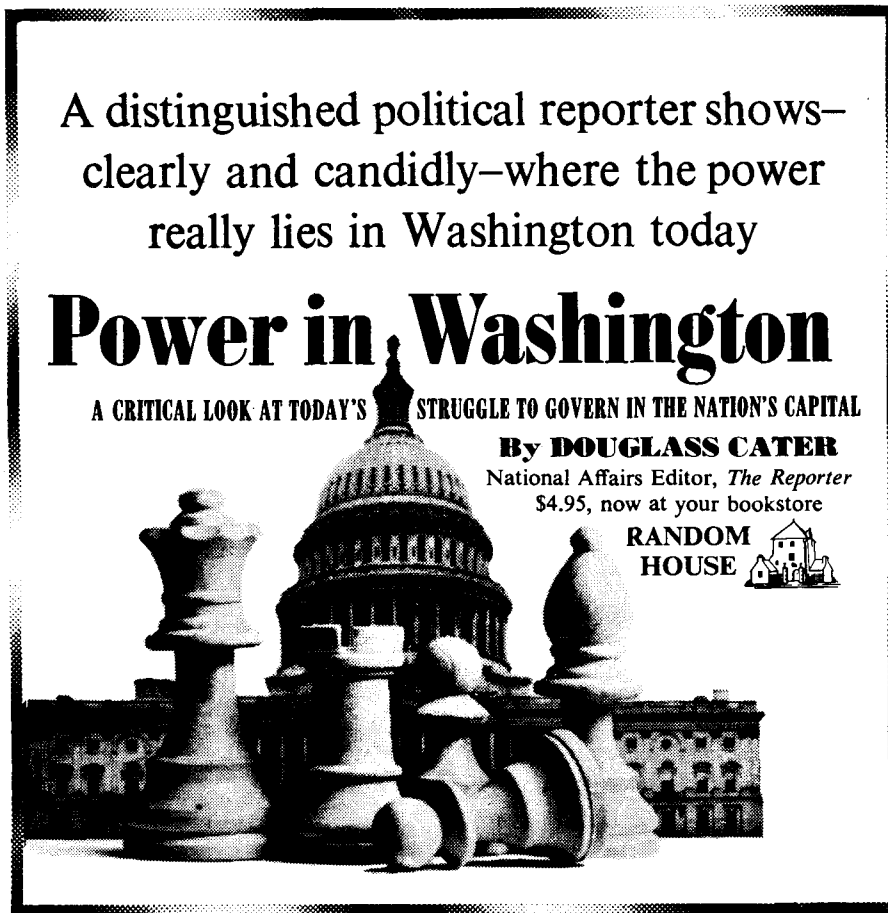
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using so many different styles that everyone seems to be performing in a separate play. Broadway may have had the initial courage to produce *The Deputy*, but it has not finally been able to transcend its ingrained cowardice and artistic inadequacy.

Still, the play is available in published form — a document of power and persuasiveness, whatever its aesthetic and interpretive shortcomings. If Hochhuth has not entirely proven himself yet as either an historian or a dramatist, he has certainly proven himself as a man of discriminating moral intelligence and outstanding courage, which makes him rare and valuable enough in the modern world. Appearing at this time, *The Deputy* may, as one American reli-

gious group complained, endanger the cause of "harmonious interfaith relations," but if such a cause is contingent on the suppressions of truth, then we are better off without it. As Hannah Arendt has observed, after suffering her own ordeal at the hands of groups with special interests, the truth *always* seems to come at the wrong psychological moment, but in the words of the Catholic historian whom she quotes at the conclusion of her article, "Only the truth will make us free. The truth which is always awful." I am not so certain that the truth will make us free, but a courageous confrontation of the terrible is still the most exhilarating thing I know, and the greatest source of metaphysical joy.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

ART

America, America

You used to be able to place a man on the political spectrum by his litmus reaction to a handful of key issues. This simple test has been confused and therefore ruined in recent years as the left has moved to occupy not only the vital center but the vital right as well. In art, which is always a little behind politics, the old dividing lines are still observed and nowhere more rigidly than in the private collecting of American art. The litmus paper question still is, when did American painting begin? The up-to-the-minute collector-on-the-go reveals himself by his assurance that American painting began with the fabrication of giant hot-dogs out of plaster-of-Paris. The conservative position is that American painting began as long ago as when Jackson Pollock first dripped paint on mural-size canvas for Peggy Guggenheim's galas.

The argument echoes earlier disagreements on the same question. The beginning of American painting has been variously placed with the Eight, with the Stieglitz crowd and, probably most often, with Eakins and Homer. With this ideological background still raging into the foreground of American art history, it is refreshing to see a major

collection of American painting that answers the key question by going all the way back: American painting began when Americans began painting. Such a collection is that of Lawrence and Barbara Fleischman of Detroit, 100 of whose paintings are now on view at the University of Arizona Art Gallery, Tucson, through March 29.

The Fleischman collection has neither Abstract Expressionism, Pop Art nor Color Painting, yet it is amazing what richness and variety the two Detroit collectors have unearthed; amazing, too, how certain preoccupations appear early and stay late.

One of these is the American still life, which except in the most general terms, bears almost no relation to the European still life. The latter, in its great Dutch manifestations, often takes on elaborately symbolic structures, descended, doubtless, from the late medieval Christian symbolism of fruits and flowers. Even when this symbolic language is not employed, there is usually an equally elaborate language of structure used. The fruit and fish are piled high or disposed broadly to present a structural challenge, an aesthetic problem, to both the artist and the viewer.

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Not so the Americans. The earliest still life in the show is a branch of blackberries in a dish, just about life size, that is, very small, painted by Raphaëlle Peale in 1813. There is a plain surface on which the shallow bowl rests and there is a nondescript wall behind, shadowed into darkness against which the less ripe berries are poised on their stems, the lighter ground being behind the riper berries and the green leaves. Part of the point of the picture is that the sprig simply fell that way into the dish when dropped by the hand; it wasn't arranged. The main point, though, is the intent gaze upon the lush berries in their simple variety of ripeness, upon the coarse green leaves, underside and overside, and upon the creamily painted dish itself. The artist simply asks that we attend the independent existence of this sprig of berries.

Some 40 years later, Rubens Peale is represented by a much more elaborate basket of flowers, but even in this increased variety the arrangement is simple: an arc like a rainbow centered over the silver basket. The point, underlined in the title, "From Nature in a Garden," is the richness of nature itself. Later in the century one of the century's hypnotic primitives, Martin Heade, is seen in an isolated branch of apple blossoms which relates directly to a misty Loren MacIver view of a single branch of azalea blossoms painted in 1961. Heade was staring as hard as he could; MacIver was softening the light and the edges; yet both operate within the basic premise of Raphaëlle Peale that these simple blossoms are things of wonder in themselves, worthy of art.

The same disregard of formal com-

position characterizes the sharp-focus still life of William Harnett. It is an old Peale theme, "The Artist's Card Rack" being one of the old "deceptions" somewhat more refined, although not much. There's the same close painting of the wood surface, the crisscross ribbons held by tacks and holding cards, tickets and letters, all meticulously duplicated in paint. In addition Harnett played with the wood, too, embellishing it with imitation blemishes and pencil marks.

Ordinary environment, both indoors and out, figures strongly in the pictures at Tucson. An early Thomas Cole view of the Catskills is free of the Walter Scottism that sometimes affected his work. Likewise Inness and Eastman Johnson present the land they know.

An Edward Hopper view of the lighthouse at Two Lights is cut off at the end almost, at first glance, like a Degas or Lautrec cutoff of a cafe or rehearsal hall. But the lingering message is that the brilliant sun reflects from the surfaces of all the coast: here is an arbitrary piece of the reflection. The same arbitrary view appears in two beautiful Wyeth water colors. The thought closes with a Burchfield of some fifteen years ago, "The Star," one of his most completely realized paintings. The single star of the title is half hidden in cloud – or its radiance is. But the trees, vines and rather run-down houses of a small-town American back-street pick up all the rhythm and celestial harmony of the music of the spheres.

FRANK GETLEIN

FILMS

Saints and Sinners

Peter O'Toole and Richard Burton in a film of *Becket*? A prospect of interest. On the basis of his performance as T. E. Lawrence, O'Toole promises well as the high-living, luxury-loving chancellor who is suddenly touched to priestly asceticism. Burton, who has often por-

Becket (Paramount)
Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (Embassy)

trayed the somewhat angry reveler, should do well as the warrior-king who had boyish adoration, then boyish enmity for his friend.

Lo, however. The roles, and logical expectation, have been reversed. It is Burton as archbishop, O'Toole as king. The expected casting might have resulted in a richer picture, but this approach has its rewards. Burton, when perceptibly awake, conveys something of the soiled profligate purging himself. O'Toole's performance is sometimes lurid and occasionally merely loud, but it is never technically strained and it has fire. He has the vocal and emotional range to fulfill large designs. The shortcomings here are in the extremities of the design.

As for Anouilh's play, which Edward

Anhalt has simply snipped and basted for the screen, it is a boulevard craftsman's smart contraption out of history. Factually, its dramatic license approaches licentiousness. Becket was not a Saxon but a Norman. (He was, however, London-born and was the first Englishman, in that sense, to hold high office after the Conquest.) He was fifteen years older than Henry, not his fellow-youth. The play does not hint that Henry was, as Trevelyan says, among those few English monarchs who have done great and lasting work, a man with "a clerkly mind trained in the best European learning of his day." To inaccuracy must be added anachronistic flavor; many of Henry's *mots* sound more Right Bank than regal.

The story's attraction for dramatists is understandable. T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* is the best-known instance; Tennyson also wrote a verse drama on the subject which, with permission that the laureate granted on his deathbed, Henry Irving successfully adapted for the stage. The change in Becket's character, particularly against the background of his relation to the king, is enticing material. Though Anouilh has seen it only as opportunities for *coups de théâtre*, nevertheless

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Gerald W. Johnson's piece is the first of a series on campaign literature. Elizabeth Monroe, formerly an editor of *The Economist*, is now an Oxford Don – at St. Antony's College. She is the author of a new book, *Britain's Moment in the Middle East*, published by Johns Hopkins. Robert Randall practices law in Washington, D. C., and is a specialist in Federal Income Tax problems.

the power of the central events cannot be entirely shackled by artifice, however shiny. Becket is an inevitably affecting figure, this roistering chancellor who found in God the love he had been seeking unsuccessfully in beds and bottles, to whom the new rigors of priesthood were almost shamefully easy. Anouilh does not come near to encompassing the theme, but he is deft enough to make his version of it dramatically viable.

In the small role of the King of France, John Gielgud is a master on a buskin holiday. (Anouilh omits to mention that Henry was king of as much of what we call France as the French king was. Henry was not, essentially, an English king; he probably regarded England, historians assert, as the least important of his domains.) Donald Wolfit, with wonderful old theatrical face and voice, is on hand as a bulldog bishop. Peter Glenville, who directed the Broadway version, also directs the film and at least is prevented by the second medium from certain coynesses of pseudo imagination.

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow is a puzzling title because it takes place today. This Italian film has three episodes, all entertaining and one (the first) exceptionally so, each of which has Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni in its leading roles. The first story, in Naples, was written by the renowned Neapolitan playwright-actor, Eduardo De Filippo. Miss Loren, the pregnant wife of an unemployed workman, supports him and their first child by selling black-market cigarettes. When the police come for her, she discovers that the law protects her from arrest during pregnancy and for six months after. She thereupon counts on her husband to keep her out of jail for years to come. He complies as long as he can, but a day arrives when he fails.

The second episode, adapted from a Moravia story by Vittorio De Sica's long-time collaborator Cesare Zavattini, is a brief bit of *dolce Milanese vita*, in which Miss Loren, panoplied by Dior and conveyed by Rolls-Royce, suggests an affair to a modish Mastroianni. The story profits by its brevity and by the contrasts on both sides of it.

The third, Zavattini's own script, tells of a Roman *poule de luxe* in a pent-



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Correspondence

Bickel and his Critics

house apartment overlooking the Piazza Navona, adjacent to a penthouse occupied by an old couple with a grandson who is a seminarian. Unintentionally the girl temporarily deflects the youth from his devotions. But the chief interest in the piece is the interplay between her and Mastroianni as a Bolognese merchant who visits her on his business trips to Rome, a man of comically intense, self-relished ardor. When he thinks that they are snuggled in for a week-end, he declares that he will never move from her bed ever again. "Mushrooms can grow on me!" he shouts.

All three of these stories are fairy tales of Italy, as the so-called Ealing comedies are of England: fabrications woven out of popular mythology and wish. For examples: all Neapolitans are mutually helpful and have hearts of gold; their prisons are spotlessly clean and are quite pleasant places all round; the slum wife, who has seven children, never changes in shape, gains a wrinkle, or loses a tooth. But, as romances, these stories are enjoyable.

Miss Loren's Neapolitan is her *Gold of Naples* pizza-seller all over again, hearty, shrewd, and, in several senses, free-swinging. As the Milanese she has appropriate bored *tristesse*. Her *Romana* is a somewhat sloppy sentimentalist about everything but her job. But it is Mastroianni who contributes the gems. His bedraggled Neapolitan husband, his frenetic Bolognese caprioles are delightful. Those with a smattering of Italian can relish the varying accents of the two leading players in the three cities.

De Sica directed, and lest his contribution be dismissed as negligible because there is little cinematic virtuosity as such, let us remember that he is one of the few directors who is himself a fine actor and that it would be blind to separate what we enjoy in these performances from the benefits of his influence.

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Sirs:

I agree with the suggestion made by Anthony Lewis in these columns last week that Alexander Bickel did not uncover "sleepers in the civil rights bill" (February 29) passed by the House; rather, it appears that he was nodding when the legislative history of the bill was written.

Far from gutting the Kennedy Executive Order on Equal Opportunity in Housing, Title VI in the House bill doesn't lay a glove on it. Its first section in plain terms declares a substantive right — no person shall be subjected to discrimination under any program or activity receiving any kind of federal financial assistance. This in effect is the Powell Amendment across the federal board.

The next section makes it mandatory for each federal agency to effectuate the new Congressional policy, and it lays down the procedures for issuing orders of general applicability governing the conduct of recipients of federal aid, and for withdrawing aid. Here, however, contracts of insurance and guarantee are exempted. This was agreed to in the full Judiciary Committee and was made more explicit during the debate on the floor. The purpose was to exempt crop insurance and similar programs — against which no complaint of discrimination had been lodged — from the requirements of the section.

The floor amendment was offered by the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Congressman Celler. It was adopted without opposition after a fifteen-minute discussion on the floor. Celler was asked "whether or not the amendment he offers will in any way affect President Kennedy's housing order affecting the operations of the FHA?" Celler replied, "No sir. It has nothing to do with it." Later Celler's floor lieutenant, Rep. Corman (D, Cal.) said: "In the field of housing, the President, by Executive order, has already acted to require that racial discrimination be eliminated. That action rests on authority other than Title VI and that

action will not be affected. . . ." Another Representative asked Celler what effect the amendment would have on the housing order (which covers private loans insured by FHA and VA). Celler replied, "Title VI has no effect on Presidential orders." (*Congressional Record*, February 7, 1964, p. 2417.)

Professor Bickel is on firmer ground with respect to Title IV on education. There are two separate programs covered by this Title. One gives the Office of Education authority to provide financial and technical assistance to cope with problems "occasioned by desegregation." The other authorizes the Attorney General to initiate school desegregation suits. The House amendment excludes from the definition of desegregation "the assignment of students to public schools in order to overcome racial imbalance." The legislative history indicates that the amendment was designed to prevent direct federal expenditures to overcome racial imbalance in schools. If the limitation is so interpreted, the mischief is manageable. Needless to say, the excessively broad language of the amendment is troublesome, but the defect is not fatal. The Office of Education has authority to provide technical assistance to Northern cities now beset by tensions arising from inequalities in educational opportunity.

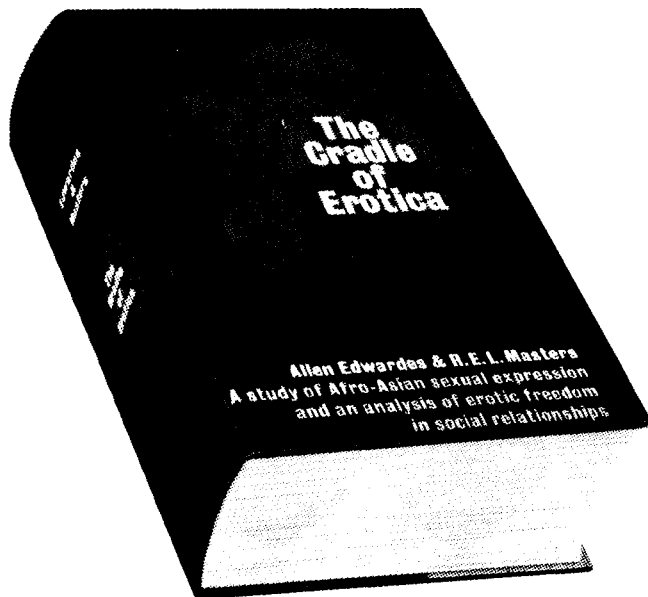
Herman Edelsberg
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Bickel replies:

The civil rights bill and Congressional apportionment are not entirely unrelated subjects. However, my sole and accidental reason for dealing with them together here is that, having dealt with each separately in *The New Republic* of February 29, I was rather magisterially rebuked the next week by Mr. Anthony Lewis for my views on both.

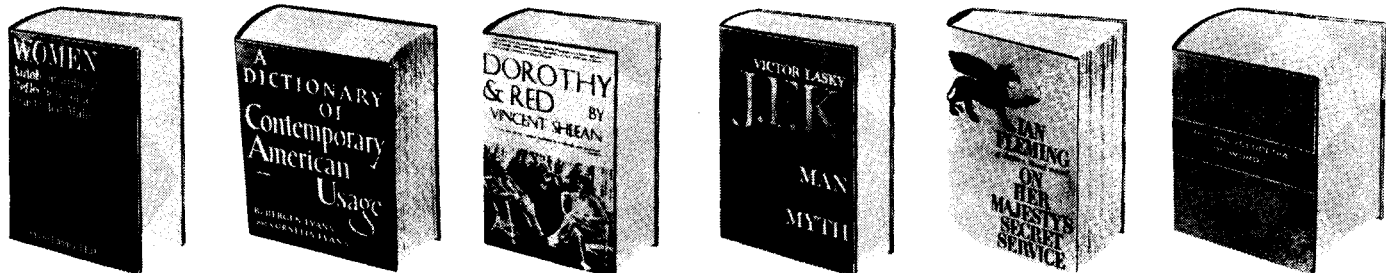
In my discussion of the civil rights bill as passed in the House, I pointed out that there had been added by amendment from the floor a provision that cuts down the coverage of the late President Kennedy's Executive Order on Equal Opportunity in Housing. The amendment, I said, exempts contracts of insurance and guaranty, meaning housing financed with FHA and VA mortgages rather than with a direct federal loan or grant. Not so, says Mr. Lewis, essentially because debate on

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the floor of the House "made clear that [President Kennedy's] housing order, specifically, would . . . not be affected." Now Mr. Herman Edelsberg, Washington Director of the Anti-Defamation League, seconds Mr. Lewis.

Well, here is some of that clarifying floor debate. The bill as amended, said Mr. Celler, its manager, "does not embrace . . . FHA insurance programs, or any federal insurance or guarantee program. . . . They are excluded. . . . We excluded them because there was an avalanche of protests." At another point, the clerk having just read the amendment we are discussing, Mr. Celler said the idea was to "allay all fears" that FHA insurance programs and the like would be covered. A gentleman from Missouri wanted to know about mortgages insured by the VA. Not covered either, Mr. Celler assured him. And a minute later he assured another member all over again.

In a somewhat separate context, Mr. Celler and his assistant, Mr. Corman of California, also made some seemingly

contradictory remarks; and it is these latter, confused and ambivalent statements that clarified matters to Mr. Lewis' and Mr. Edelsberg's satisfaction. Representative O'Hara of Michigan asked whether the amendment would "affect the authority now being undertaken under President Kennedy's housing order affecting the operations of the FHA?" Mr. Celler's delphic reply to this slightly mysterious question was: "It has nothing to do with it." A minute later, Mr. Celler was asked whether President Kennedy's executive order "is still in effect," and he replied that it was and would remain so, which is in large measure quite true. Mr. Corman said that the executive order rested on authority other than this bill and had nothing to do with it.

What is the upshot? The language of the bill itself speaks with technical precision. The desire of the House to achieve what the language precisely says is also clear. FHA and VA mortgages were not to be covered. As one member, Mr. Randall of Missouri, said: "... I could not go home and face my people . . . if there was any doubt as to whether Title VI would affect veterans' housing and FHA housing." On top of this, come statements about President Kennedy's Executive order which contrast, to say the least, with the crispness of the assurances about FHA and VA mortgages. If these statements express anything, it is a wistful desire on the part of Messrs. Celler and Corman to have their cake and eat it. The bill should withhold the power to enforce nondiscrimination through FHA and VA mortgage guaranties, so that Mr. Randall could go home and face his people. I think it possible that Messrs. Celler and Corman wanted at the same time to have "no effect" on the Executive order which gave to the FHA and VA precisely the power that the bill takes away. Mr. Corman thought he could have it both ways because the Executive order "rests on authority other than Title VI" of this bill. That statement is not a clarification of legislative intent. It is a statement of law, and it is wrong. As I pointed out in my original article, the Executive order could rest on independent authority before there was a Title VI. Unless I gravely misunderstand the law of inherent Presidential powers,

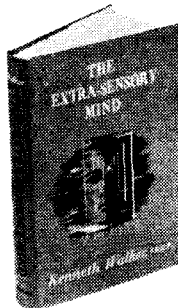
however, no such independent authority can or should exist once Congress has seized itself of the subject and expressed its own desires through a provision like Title VI.

And now a word on the Supreme Court's Congressional apportionment decision. To the extent that I quarrelled with it as a lawyer, Mr. Lewis thinks that Justice Harlan's dissent carried my side of the quarrel at least as well, and without unbecoming levity. As a political theorist I was talking nonsense, he believes, because everyone knows that the disparity between the Atlanta district and the smallest rural one in Georgia is evidence not of regard for legitimate considerations of any sort, but of entrenched and inequitable rural power. Maybe so.

But I was not quarrelling with a decision that had found some sensible, relatively narrow ground for requiring the Georgia legislature to cure the extreme disparity between its largest and smallest districts, while allowing it to take into account other legitimate considerations; a decision, in other words, that disclaimed any intention to solve the whole problem of representation. Rather I was quarrelling with the decision actually written, which lays it down that in Congressional apportionment, at any rate, "one man, one vote" is the governing Constitutional rule. Now it has seemed to me that this rule is either fatuous, because gerrymanders, of which the Court said nothing, can nullify all that the rule can rationally be intended to accomplish; or it is wrong, because if taken seriously as stressing equality of representation to the near-exclusion of other legitimate considerations, it misunderstands and may ultimately ruin representative institutions. It has seemed to me that until the Supreme Court succeeds in working out some principle of representation which, instead of distorting the past and oversimplifying the present, takes some account of all the objectives (I won't attempt to allude to them again) that properly play a role in the construction of deliberative, representative institutions—until then it is not possible to rejoice that the federal courts have undertaken to speak the last word in the apportionment of the House of Representatives.

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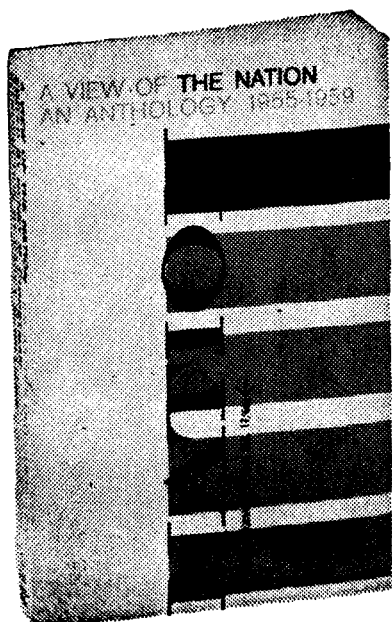
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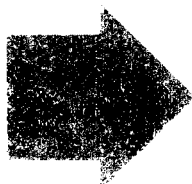
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